The Whirlpool

H. M. Woodson.

Dedicated to

Colonel George Taylor Denison

Police Magistrate, Toronto

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

THE author of "The Whirlpool" needs no introduction to Canadian readers. Two volumes from his pen, "The Lad Felix," and "Private Warwick," enjoyed well-merited popularity, and for ten years this writer has entertained the readers of "The Evening Telegram," Toronto, with his racy and sympathetic Police Court reports.

"The Whirlpool" is a human document.

"When I speak, the earth trembles, rocks and mountains totter and seas dry up. "If I frown, men die."

A PRINCE IN THE DOCK

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THE WHIRLPOOL

SCENES FROM TORONTO POLICE COURT

By

HARRY M. WODSON

Author of "The Lad Felix," "Private Warwick," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MALCOLM LENNOX

The Whirlpool draws men and women into its vortex; some are rescued; others are lost forever in its swirling gulf.

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PREFACE

IN this little volume I have tried to give a picture of a remarkable police court as it is to-day, and with proper modesty, hasten to explain that my chief qualification for the work has been the ten years spent in the press gallery. People have wondered what there could possibly be to laugh at in a police court. If those whose work takes them there, day after day, didn't laugh, they would go mad.

A police court is a place of tragic gloom, though like the ground where Ophelia was laid to rest, it is sometimes enlivened by the jests of the grave diggers; it is a whirlpool into which offenders against law and order are sucked; a justice shop where men, sinned against and sinning, receive their deserts; a pit of peradventure into which men sometimes slip; a guillotine which falls with shuddering swiftness upon the necks of those who would menace society; a house of tears and sighs and evil temper; a clearing house, where parcels of humanity are valued and classified; and sometimes—not too often—it is a mercy seat.

At all times, it is a place to avoid.

H. M. W.

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ON THE BRINK

The way of the transgressor is hard on the rest of us

The stream flows steadily into the corridor, and the thoughtful policeman at the door wonders why so many people insist on getting into trouble and dragging all sorts of other people into the whirlpool of distress. Why can't men go through life without rifling pockets, debauching themselves, cracking their fellow-men on the head, associating with harlots, robbing employers, stealing other men's goods, gambling on the Lord's Day, breaking into the homes of peaceful citizens, committing bigamy, blowing safes, spying into the affairs of love-making couples in the parks, beating wives, stealing rides on the railway, flim-flamming storekeepers, insulting women on the streets, committing crimes against nature, selling swamps as good building land, robbing the poor of their savings, selling brass watches to unsophisticated strangers and worthless mining stock to widows? The seem-

ing determination of some people to break the law bewilders the philosophizing policeman until he gives up trying to find an answer. Being a big-hearted chap, he doesn't imitate the Pharisee in the Temple, and thank God that he is not as other men, even as these poor law-breakers. He knows too well that few wish to pass that door for the sake of idle curiosity; that almost all are awed by the disaster which threatens them or their friends. Most of all, he knows that humanity is frail, that sin is as old as the world, and that even the worst of men have something good within them. Daily contact with the depraved, the weak, the erring, has not shaken his faith in humanity, nor has it hardened his heart. There is still a kind word for the law-breakers and a soft answer for their troubled friends. He may not pray for them, but he doesn't increase their burdens with gruff treatment. If there were fewer prayers for law-breakers, and more service in their behalf, the daily calendar of offences against the State might be shortened. Society often fashions the hand that is raised against it, and then prays in the "dim, religious light," for the reclamation of its victims, very much after the manner of the man who puts too much mustard on his sandwich and then asks the Lord to make him truly thankful. It is so much easier to sit in a cushioned pew, pondering

sadly upon "that awful Police Court" than to do a good turn for the man in the dock, whose enforced environment has caused him to despise "that awful church." The Police Court IS an "awful" place, its toll of crime and heart aches creating its sombre shades, but there is something wrong somewhere when God's House becomes an "awful church" for the man for whom Christ died. "That awful Police Court" is at least sanctified by a spirit of justice, which, while it strikes terror into the hearts of many, saves more than it destroys. It is not the ceremonial, the doctrines, the platitudes or the traditions of a church that have kept that policeman's heart from chilling towards his fellow-man, but daily contact with men and women whose attendance at "that awful Police Court," compulsory or otherwise, bespeaks troubled minds and sorrowing hearts. In every "case" there is a measure of anxiety. Many are filled to overflowing with pain.

I remember passing out of court one day and seeing a woman huddled up in a remote corner of the corridor. It was just after one o'clock and "everybody had gone home." A sob caused me to turn, and for a moment I hesitated to trespass. She rose from the bench, her face red and swollen by tears, her frail body shaken by grief, and staggered towards me.

"It's all o-o-over now, is it?" she asked, each word trailing off into a sob.

"All over till to-morrow," I answered.

"I-I thought I m-m-might see him, as he was t-t-taken away, so I stayed. O God! help me."

Before I could speak she had fled. Who she was, or what the cause of her sorrow, I never knew. I did know that something had taken place in court that morning which had blotted out the sun in one woman's life and turned her heart into a fountain of tears. The tiles of that corridor are washed with such tears every day in the year, but always gleam brightly on the following day. The City Hall charwomen put them into their pails and flush them into the mains. I suppose if they could wipe up the heart-aches and head-aches and groans which abound in that region they would spill them down the same channel, rinse out their pails, and turn them upside down to drain.

The daily crowd in this corridor is cosmopolitan, ranging from the little white-haired mother, who comes to learn the fate of her one black sheep, perhaps to plead for him, to the unscrupulous fellow prepared to damn his soul by lying to save a friend or convict an enemy. The atmosphere is electrified by the whole gamut of human feeling. The majority are waiting for the stentorian summons to enter court. The passing moments are

tense, the strain clearly seen on the faces of the waiting throng. If space permits, men pace restlessly up and down, striving to appear unconcerned, but the nervous glances they cast at the open door of the court, through which they catch a momentary glimpse of the grizzled hair of the magistrate, afford a key to the tingling nerves, the troubled heart. A hundred voices, in subdued tones and a half-dozen languages, create the effect of buzzing bees. Only bees don't wave their arms while talking, or sit in little groups crying their eyes out for the sins and crimes of other bees; nor do bees put their heads together and plot to upset the plans of Crown Attorneys, by deceit and lying; nor do bees enter telephone cabinets and notify their anxious friends at home that, as far as they can tell, it will be two hours at least before it is all over, either one way or the other, and not to worry too much, because the speaker has just thought of a new bit of evidence against the Crown; and I am sure that bees never get angry and berate detective bees, who have merely done their duty, accusing them of having persecuted some poor, innocent bee. Which reminds me that during all the years I have worked in the Police Court I have met only one man who admitted that he was not only guilty, but that a term of six months' imprisonment was much less than he de-

served. Unfortunately, before this conscientious malefactor could be put into a glass case he was transferred to an asylum. Still, like certain German composers, and other criminals who have never written fugues, he will be remembered by his finger-prints.

One of the many little groups consists of a man, evidently about thirty-five years of age, his wife, and three children, their ages ranging from seven to fourteen years. The father is perilously near the brink of a precipice. Within an hour or so he will either be amongst them again, his cheeks burning with happy excitement, his heart overflowing with joy, or he will have gone the other way and become lost to view. Whatever happens will happen quickly, like the snap of the guillotine. I have known a man stand up in the dock, enter a plea of guilty to a series of crimes, and be on his way to serve a five-year term at the penitentiary, all in six minutes. Is it any wonder, then, that the wife and children keep as close as possible to the man whose fate means so much to them? He is on bail, and is free until his name thunders down the corridor, making the hearts of his wife and children begin to pump blood at a sickening speed. He does his best to appear confident of his dismissal, and talks with mock gaiety, but every now and then a shadow of anxiety swiftly crosses

his face, and his wife sees it. She, too, is playing a part, and brightly flicks a speck from his coat, or straightens his tie, as if he were waiting to interview the head of a manufacturing concern, in reply to an advertisement, and she was anxious that he should look his best. In truth the fates may yet send the poor fellow to a new position. The children know that daddy is in trouble, but take comfort from the feigned cheerfulness of their parents. Gloomy forebodings are foreign to the child mind. The substance of the overt act takes precedence of the shadows of mental fear. The ever-variable emotions, passions and pursuits of childhood are not easily dethroned by sinister thoughts of impending disaster.

The Police Court must appear like a Chamber of Horrors to those who wait outside—a place of tragic gloom, where people in trouble, sorrow, liquor, and other adversities, are tortured by a skilfully designed system, and afterwards flung to the wolves of retribution. Nothing could be further from the truth, of course, save and except the sworn testimony of an old offender; but the puffs of hot, foul, trouble-ladened air, which come through the closely guarded door might easily suggest deeds of evil within, and thus do gross injustice to one of the State's most admirable institutions. Those men grouped in the farthest

corner of the corridor eye the door of the court, as if at any moment a wild-eyed monster, with fire issuing from its nostrils, might suddenly spring through, seize them in its claws, bear them into the inferno within, and gloat hideously while they sizzled. They jump as if stung by a wasp, whenever a name is called, and wipe sweat from their faces a dozen times. If someone dropped a firecracker at their feet they would probably fall down dead. And yet they have comparatively little to fear, but they are gamblers, and the gambler is at heart a coward. Braver by far are the three young women across the way, chatting gaily about their chances of dodging the Women's Industrial Farm, or, what is worse, the Mercer Reformatory. They, too, are on bail, and when their lawyer draws near they take money from their stockings and tell him to buy a new tie. As each girl uses a different perfume a touch of novelty is added to the atmosphere. Occasionally they burst into laughter, which suggests that Sloe Gin rickeys and evening excitement have not yet destroyed their sense of humor, although the half-naked costumes worn have the same effect as Montesquieu ascribed to the dances of the Spartan virgins, which taught them "to strip chastity itself of modesty." Flippant, pert, gay, they are the butterflies and birds of paradise of the gloomy com-

pany, and we shall meet them later in the Women's Court.

That young man walking up and down, with his hands behind his back, and a friend on either side, is facing the day with the fortitude of a man waiting in a dentist's office. He intends to plead guilty to a charge of theft and to take his punishment without a squirm. The only cause for speculation the term he will receive. His companions try to cheer him up. One of them, a bit of a cynic, tells him that "going to jail" has lost all its old-time horrors, that modern jails are places of comparative luxury, where the living costs nothing and the company includes doctors, lawyers, bank managers, corporation magnates, company promoters, ex-cabinet ministers and ministers of the gospel. His less buoyant companion on the left remembers a man who only began to pray when sent to jail, explaining afterwards that it was the first time in his life he had had anything for which to be thankful, and that he begged each night that the pangs of remorse he was supposed to be suffering might be inflicted upon his wife. And while the conversation is in progress the accused man's name echoes down the corridor and he bids his friends a hasty " So long," shoots through the door of the furnace where the silver is tried, and that is the last they see of him for six months.

One of them, however, keeps his memory green by making love to his wife.

That little man, moving in and out, listening attentively to one, advising another, is Mr. Jacob Cohen, J.P., who for many years has unselfishly devoted his time and abilities to the great work of making peace among his people and helping those in distress. The man near by is Government Interpreter Goodman, whose business it is to keep a watchful eye upon the alien enemies of the King.

Detectives and plainclothes constables move among the crowd, sometimes giving a word of advice to a witness; sometimes receiving the angry scowls of culprits out on bail. There are many people who despise the police, regarding them as men who might be employed in nobler work than what they savagely call "spying into other people's business and interfering with individual privileges." The criticism is unjust. Such people are invariably those who regard it as their "business" to take a man's watch from his pocket, and their "privilege" to crack him over the head if he calls for help. The police are no better than any other mixed class of citizens, and no worse. People who despise the police have an absolutely erroneous idea about the business of a policeman. Instead of the blue-coated stalwart being employed to interfere with the liberties of the individual, his one

great concern is the protection of all those rights and privileges we are supposed to enjoy if we pay our taxes and have our hair cut in conventional style. The bells on Christmas morning ring out no more comforting assurance than the daily knowledge of citizens that a policeman is probably not more than two blocks away from the silverware and cut-glass on the buffet. Some day it may be the proper thing to pray for the policeman on the beat. It hardly seems fair to pray for Kings, Governor-Generals, Members of Parliament, Bishops and Curates, "all sick persons and young children," and to omit mention of the man who is our only local "ever-ready defence in the time of trouble"; the fundamental basis of a corrective and protective system second only to blood bitters, lung tonics and pick-me-ups. If the majestic form of a Toronto policeman has never been enshrined in the panegryics of poetry, it is the fault of the system which develops him from a primordial protoplasm from the north of Ireland, to a finished member of "Grasett's Finest." This system, like the Red Sea, is divided into two parts: The first performs the function of a proteid, that is to say, it is a sort of nitrogenous compound which forms animal tissue; the second part is purely metaphysical, designed, apparently, to annihilate any doctrinal errors its victims might hap-

pen to have imbibed in youth. Whether on duty, or off duty, the Toronto policeman's Trinity is the Board of Police Commissioners. When he joins the force he bids himself good-bye, takes a last fond look at whatever ideas he may have had of his own, and becomes conformable to the restrictive creed and commands of a hierarchy, none the less powerful because it doesn't wear Bishops' aprons. From that time on, the man becomes in turn a member of the Police Force, a child of discipline, and an inheritor of a pension, to which he contributes, annually, seven per cent. of his limited income. Is it any wonder, then, that simple-minded citizens form the impression that a policeman would sooner have a "case" than a raise of pay, and that he sleeps sounder when he wins his case. This zeal is pardonable, because when a man joins the Toronto Police Force he metaphorically takes unto himself a "bride," and swears on a microbe-ladened Bible to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, according to the Police Commissioners' ordinance, till his pension falls due. At any rate, in this alliance lies the police constable's angle or viewpoint, and if that angle occasionally looks more like a rhomboid, blame the system which sticks too closely to the geometrical axiom that a

line is length without breadth. Nevertheless, the whole continent takes off its hat to Lieut.-Col. H. J. Grasett, Chief of Police for the City of Toronto, whose noble six hundred guard the peace. The general good qualities and conduct of the men, in all branches of the service, reflect credit upon the Chief and his doughty deputy, David Archibald.

In the old market place at Ripon, England, may be seen the words, "Except ye Lord keepe ye citee, ye watchman waketh in vain."

In Toronto, "ye watchman" never goeth to sleepe.

PEN PICTURE OF THE BEAK

True despatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business.—Bacon.

A massive electric chandelier hangs in the centre of the court, its lights grouped like clusters of bells, merrily pealing. As the belfry is immediately above the dock, it seems to mock the lone and anxious man, whose clammy hands clutch nervously the fretted iron work before him. What have those bright and joyous-looking bells to do with him in his trouble? Are they cheering him in his misery? They seem merry enough to be the wedding bells of some fair bride on the threshold of a long life of nuptial bliss. Perhaps they are laughing at him, taunting him, telling him that only fools commit crime; that the only happy man in the world, is he who treads the narrow, rugged path, keeping his eyes fixed towards the east, whence cometh all strength. Peradventure they are there to remind the troubled prisoner that, "Be the day weary, or be the day long,

THE COLONEL

at length it cometh to evensong''; that even his black night will end, and the morning break to a brighter day. Let the bells ring on! Pealing bells, to greet the homeless man who asks for jail; clanging bells, to warn the guilty of approaching doom; merry bells, to cheer the erring youth in the hour of his unhappiness; sobbing bells, to give the proper tone to the tearful story told by suffering wife and mother; laughing bells, to mock the drink-soaked prisoner in his self-inflicted misery. They are the Police Court bells, and they ring daily for the men seated at the long polished table before the dock, who practice law; they ring for the busy clerks, who, like the recording angels above, set down those things which stand forever against the names of erring men and women; they ring for the silent newspapermen who send on the drab happenings of the fateful court to a curious outside world; they ring for the host of stalwart police officers, of every rank, who stand in little groups about the court; they ring for the kindly Staff Inspector Gregory, who sits in a cage to the right of the Magistrate; they ring for the favored few who visit the court to see the tragedies of other peoples lives, and who sit idly beneath the lofty windows which are sometimes cleaned; they ring for the scores of witnesses who fill the benches behind the dock; they

ring for the Crown Attorney; and they ring, too, for the white-haired man, with kindly countenance, who sits high above all others, keen, alert, decisive, and behind whose chair hangs the Royal Coat of Arms, a silent reminder to all present that the business of the court is done in the name of His Majesty the King, and in conformity with the idealistic principles of British justice.

Now let us take a look at the man who for forty years has presided over this court—George Taylor Denison, Esq., Imperialist, soldier, lawyer, friend of Joseph Chamberlain, author, and bit of a humorist. Prisoners have called him other things which need not be set down. Known from coast to coast as "Colonel Denison," the senior Police Magistrate for the City of Toronto has, during all those years, dispensed justice without regard for nationality, politics, or creed, and when the Privy Council has had the good sense to sustain his decisions, the confirmation has left him of the same opinion. He brings to his task natural and acquired powers of no common kind. A swift thinker, a keen student of human nature, the possessor of an incisive tongue, he extinguishes academic lawyers, parries thrusts with the skill of a practised swordsman, confounds the deadly-in-earnest barrister with a witticism, scatters legal intricacies to the winds, will not tolerate the brow-

beating of witnesses, cleans off the "slate" before the bewildered stranger has finished gaping, shuts the book with a bang, orders adjournment of the court, then, stick in hand, strolls off to lunch at the National Club. During the morning he may have committed a burglar to the penitentiary for five years, told witnesses that he couldn't believe a word of their testimony, informed a troublesome lawyer that he was wasting time over technicalities, made peace between husband and wife, exchanged pleasantries with an old-timer, ordered a wife-beater to be lashed, and disposed of a hundred other cases.

Police Magistrate Denison is of the governing class. His mind is more or less remote from the affairs of the rank and file of humanity. Not that he does not fathom their viewpoint—he does that to a marvelous degree, but he appears to regard their street fights, domestic wrangles, and lesser crimes, as incidental to the commoner's life. On the other hand, if a "very superior person" ever comes before him, he reminds him that riches, and social, and educational advantages, are accompanied by additional responsibilties, and that if a man possessing these things, breaks the law, he is a greater offender than his less favored brother; ergo, if a navvy and a blue-blooded university professor were before his court on identical charges,

the navvy would get the lighter term. I remember the wife of a blackguard appearing in court with bruises all over her poor body, and ending her recital with the startling words, "He's my husband, your worship, an' he's a perfect right to take a swipe at me now an' then, but he went a little too far this time." Appreciating the lady's viewpoint, the Colonel gallantly regulated the punishment accordingly. Police Magistrate Denison is at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, courteous to the gentler sex. And at one and the same time, the Colonel is the most approachable and unapproachable man. There's a patient hearing for everybody on legitimate business, but no hearing at all for "leg-pullers," "wire-pullers" or political or lodge busybodies, who imagine that a word dropped into the ear of the magistrate will divert the course of justice. Magistrate Denison preserves the precincts of his court without scandal or corruption. He is "for the good of the people," a "lion supporting the throne," and he "strives to use the law lawfully."

At work in his court, Magistrate Denison is unique. He possesses a clear and vigorous intellect. No man can get at the kernel of a case in less time. Rapid thinking, and equally rapid decision, are imperative in a court handling as many

as twenty-eight thousand cases a year. Objection has been raised to the speed with which cases are disposed of, but no one has been able to prove that a magistrate so gifted with common sense and intuitive accuracy, cannot form a just conclusion without spending an hour over a ten minutes' case. If there are any real sufferers from the rate with which the magistrate does his work, they are the poor scribes in the press gallery. But the reporters, the silent, busy men who watch, day after day, the tragedies and dramas, and occasional comedies, staged in a Police Court, complain least of all. Until the existing system is changed, which I hope it will be one of these days, "rapid delivery" seems essential. After all, a summons to a criminal court, with the gates of a jail gaping wide, is an alarming event for all but chronic offenders, and whether a prisoner be discharged or convicted, he is entitled to feel that every point in his favor has been brought out. Alacrity in hands less expert than those of Police Magistrate Denison could easily develop into an evil.

Just what mental process is used to make the punishment fit the crime, only the magistrate himself knows. The layman may never understand why a bigamist, denounced so often by the Crown as one of the State's worst enemies, should be given exactly the same sentence as a man who,

while drunk, goes off for a "joy ride" in someone else's car, and to many it may look like crass injustice. The magistrate, however, who has had all the facts laid before him, could no doubt prove that there are times when a bigamist may be just as much a victim as the man who, made irresponsible by an overdose of liquor, commits an offence he would never be guilty of when sober. Again, people wonder why a police magistrate sends a thief to jail for forty days. Why forty, or any multiple thereof? Why should "forty" be chosen as the exact number of days necessary to meet the ends of justice? Again, if a man, with a long record of crime, steals a pair of boots and is sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, why should another man, with no criminal record at all, who steals the price of six pairs of boots, receive exactly the same term? The answer, of course, lies in the mitigating or incriminating circumstances connected with each case, and it is these which become the deciding factor. The Crown doesn't fix the penalty, nor does the subtle argument of the prisoner's lawyer confuse the court. It is the magistrate alone who determines the sentence. Usage may be responsible for what appears to be startling promptness at times, but in ninety cases out of every hundred tried, the magistrate fixes the punishment after a quick, but none the less

thorough sifting of the evidence. Every case contains its social, legal and psychological problem, and it often happens that the man's best friend in court is the magistrate. This has been demonstrated a hundred times when a prisoner has not been represented by counsel. The magistrate, aware that the whole machinery of the police system is in operation against the man in the dock, quietly tells the prisoner that he, himself, will "keep an eye upon his interests." Whenever this happens, the witnesses for the prosecution know about it. Some years ago the magistrate, after "keeping an eye upon the interests" of the prisoner, received the following curious, but grateful, note:

> "Deer Sir—I was in your cort to-day when you got Bill off, and you did it better than any of them lyers he's been used to when he was in truble,—this just shows you that a man don't need to know any lore to defend a prisoner. If you had been a lyer, Bill might have been sent to jail, because he says he took the coat all right. He's sent it back to the man and I enclose two dollars for your valuable services.
>
> "Bill says he will always speak well of you to his friends.
>
> "Yours truly,
>
> "M— L—."

PEN PICTURE OF THE BEAK

I understand that the Colonel has this epistle on file with the autographed letter he received from the Czar of Russia on the occasion of his winning that monarch's prize for a work on cavalry, coveted and worked for by military men throughout the world. Of the two, he may prefer M. L.'s grateful testament. The suggestion that his Worship is not a lawyer, is ludicrous. The office of Police Magistrate is not open to any but those learned in the law. Nevertheless, Colonel Denison frequently boasts that he is "not a lawyer." The only time that he manifests impatience is when counsel for the defence begins to quibble over a technicality instead of giving a reason. In a few moments he is no more, and a metaphorical tombstone goes up, bearing the significant warning:

"Here lies Mr. Timothy Seazon,
To his clients' money he'd freeze-on;
But one day in a fight
With a common sense wight,
He died without giving a reason."

IN THE PRESS GALLERY

Many years ago, when the ladies were not luxuriating in a court of their own, a well-known Irish woman, with a record for drunkenness as long as Yonge Street, gave the reporters in the press gallery a name that has stuck to them ever since. Unlike most of the remarks hurled at the scribes, it was not uncomplimentary. The scene is as fresh in my mind as if it happened yesterday. Biddy (that was not her name, but it will suffice) was in the dock telling the magistrate what she thought about the police, and there was no greater authority on the subject. Also, what Biddy thought about the police was never fit to be repeated in a highly moral newspaper. Nearing the end of her vituperative harangue, Biddy declared that the only people in court that she entertained the least respect for were the "choir boys" and the magistrate. As she said "choir boys," she gave the reporters in the press gallery a most affectionate smile.

IN THE PRESS GALLERY

It was an impression. There sat the scribes, in a row, apart from the rest of the court, and looking clean, and pure, and innocent, with nice white collars and cuffs, and an abundance of snow-white paper before them. Behind them, in long, graceful folds, hung the microbe-laden plush drapery, reminding Biddy of the chancel in the church where she took her babies to be christened. Yes,—we must have looked like choristers, but instead of singing about all that was good and beautiful, we had to write about all that was bad and ugly. Perhaps Biddy knew this, and gave us our new name to remind us of what we might be. It made some of us thoughtful and took the "pep" out of our copy that day.

To the man in the dock, the Police Court reporter's work means fifty, sometimes a hundred, per cent. of his punishment. He thinks it is bad enough to have been in the court on a serious charge, and to have been convicted, but why the fact should be blazoned forth in the newspapers, he cannot understand. It seems like a double crucifixion. And perhaps it is. But, after all, did he not know that before he committed the crime? The real sufferer is the man who is found not guilty. There are so many charitable people in the world ready to receive the announcement of his discharge with a sneer and a sniff. If news-

paper reporters had no hand in the affairs of a criminal court, such a man would undoubtedly be saved much annoyance. On the other hand, a court that is open to the press, cannot perpetrate injustices without risk to its existence, and the presence of newspapermen is undoubtedly a check upon the arrogance of officials. The publication of the drab happenings in a criminal court may cause a certain amount of suffering, but this is infinitesimal to what the public would have to suffer if there were no "lookers on."

The Police Court scribes endeavor to do their work without passion or prejudice. Their duty is to record what happens. At times they may feel that an injustice has been done, but they cannot say so. The only latitude they enjoy is in the manner of telling the story. The story itself must be true—that is to say, it must be an accurate record of what happened in court. If there is any dressing, it must not reflect upon the man in the dock. He has troubles enough. It is not the business of a newspaper to add to them by saying what is not true—there is, however, more than one way of saying that X was fined ten dollars for drunkenness.

And, oh, the requests the reporters receive to leave names out of their papers! Some would melt ice; others manufacture it.

"His poor old mother is dying, and if this gets into the papers it will finish her."

"I know that he's been convicted of an abominable crime, but then think what it means to his sisters, who have good positions in the city."

"Don't you dare to put my name in the papers. I may have come down here to get my servant sent to jail for stealing, but I don't want my name dragged in."

"Say, did you boys get that case of Bill ——, sent down for beating his wife? Wish you'd change the name, Bill's an awful decent fellow."

"How much does it cost to have a name kept out of the papers? Nothin'? Why, I thought the newspapers made a charge for things like that. They do for most everythin' else."

"Say, boys, don't make any mention of Mr. J——'s case. It's coming up again next week, but he'll get off. Yes, I know he's charged with robbing a widow of her hard savings, but there's really nothing in it. Just a civil case. He's a well-known broker, and if this gets out, it will do his business a great deal of harm."

"Are youse the re-porters? Well, me an' Annie B—— wuz fined in the Women's Court for bein' in a house, but you won't mention it, will you? You're too good lookin' to be so mean. My name? I'm Alice G——."

"Say, you guys, if you put my name in the noospapers, I'll knock yer —— —— blocks off. The last time yer wrote me up, the ginks at the Jail Farm wuz laughin' fer a month. Cut it out. See?"

"Oh, sir, my son—my son has never been in trouble before, and if this gets into the newspapers, it will ruin him. The other boys led him astray. I think the magistrate is a very hard man. I did think I could move him to let my boy out on suspended sentence. You won't mention it, will you? It will disgrace us all."

"By the way, chappies, I had a bit of a bun on last night. I shall plead guilty and pay the fine, but if the Pater sees my name in the papers, he'll blow right up. Please prevent the explosion, old tops."

"A client of mine is going to plead guilty to being drunk while driving an auto. He didn't kill anybody, and he's a very respectable man. Please don't say anything about it. Have to go to the office? Who shall I ask for?"

No matter how the "choir boys" may feel about it, the supplicants are invariably told to take their appeals to Caesar—which is another name for the newspaper offices. If the favor is granted, it is because the editor had something decidedly palatable for breakfast. If the appeal

is refused, it is because suppression would clash with the policy of the paper.

There the boys sit, day after day, watching the swirling eddies of the "whirlpool." They see lost men. Cowardly men who whine. Men with strong chins and low, narrow foreheads. Men hungry for food and love. Men with mild, watery eyes. Men with broad foreheads and weak chins. Misunderstood men. Men whose toes turn inward. Rat-like men with little shifty eyes. Men without hope. Men sick of heart and body. Hopeless men. Kind, weak men. Strong, cruel men. Greedy men. Thieving men who cringe. Liars who bully and argue. Cautious men. Crafty men. Fathers whose children have forgotten them. Men who ought to have been women. Brave men fighting a losing battle. Men who have broken their mothers' hearts. Vain men. Heroes, Gamblers. Saints. Vagabonds. Selfish Men. Men at war with everything. Indifferent men. Men whose fires are dying. Men whose fires are smouldering. Proud, silent men.

And when evening comes, and the Police Court scribe sits alone with his pipe, he joins Job in his soliloquy: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

Then the pillow—the whirlpool—and the faces.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL

"A PERFECT DAY"

INSTANT RELIEF

His Worship has just returned from the room next door, where the ladies receive their deserts, and the place has begun to smell like a sweat box. The Staff Inspector calls aloud for order, and the court machinery begins to hum. Police officers are on the qui vive for their cases to be called. Division Inspectors move about with characteristic majesty, lawyers for the defence are exchanging confidences at their table, the clerks are giving their ink pots another drink, witnesses' hearts have begun to beat nervously, visitors are settling down for a morning's entertainment, newspapermen, in their elevated gallery, are cleaning up the fragments from the earlier court, detectives are moving

back and forth with last minute preparations for the Crown Attorney, the policeman at the door is commanding silence in the corridor, the prisoners, anxious, expectant, uneasy, are packed closely together in the dock, the sun is doing its best to dim the radiance of the centre chandelier, and the clock is telling the time with as little regard for the truth as that exhibited by many witnesses. The Colonel, now seated at his desk, is running his eye over the Calendar, as methodically as a man of business goes through his morning mail. Presently an officer throws open the door leading to the Crown's room, and calls aloud, "Ready, Mr. Corley," after the manner of the call boy behind the scenes. A moment later Mr. J. W. Seymour Corley, K.C., City Crown Attorney, enters, a sheaf of "what witnesses for the Crown will say," in his hand. The humanities are pronounced in the Crown. During his ten years as Crown Attorney he has been cursed more often than blessed, although many a first-offender has lived to thank his prosecutor for giving him a new start in life. And the man who plays so large a part in the destinies of law-breakers, loves horses and dogs, grows roses, smokes like a chimney, reads the Bible like Bunyan, and Shakespeare like Beerbohm Tree, wants to take off his coat and lick men who thrash their

wives, and shakes hands with lawyers who beat him at his own game, collects articles of bijouterie and vertu and antiquated weapons of war.

There he stands, day after day, as much the friend of the man in the dock, as Crown prosecutor, asking always, not for convictions, but plain British justice. This morning's docket is not very heavy and the Crown steps over to the press gallery to pass the time of day with the newspaper reporters. Like the Colonel, Mr. Corley believes in the fierce light of newspaper publicity being turned upon every phase of wrongdoing. That trite saying, "Lookers on see most of the game," is very true when applied to Police Court scribes, and it isn't only the police game they witness.

For six years the Crown Attorney was assisted by Mr. Frank J. Hughes, who brought to his task ability, zeal, and courtesy. The latter refreshed a court that at times seemed parched.

At the long table, beneath the clerks of the court, are seated several gentlemen, learned in the law, and as polished as the table at which they sit, whose task it has been for a great many years to lead forlorn hopes for a fee.

But let us get on.

Ah! there's that saintly-looking old fellow up again for stealing lawn mowers. He would scorn

to filch a pocketbook, or another man's glass of beer, but give him the shadow of a chance to run off with a grass cutter and he'll act quicker than an old maid with her final opportunity to catch a husband. He must have stolen hundreds, and always laughs when the magistrate begins to read the particulars of the charge. See him laughing now, his left arm dropped idly on the rail, his right hand twirling a battered hat. The Crown almost laughs outright when the queer little man pleads not guilty, but understands that the prisoner always likes the police to earn their money. His motto is, "Let everything be done decently and in order," and he goes down for sixty days with the air of a man perfectly satisfied that the police, the Crown, and the magistrate, have done their duty in that station of life to which it hath pleased God to call them.

Twenty-one times has that tall, solemn-visaged man been convicted for stealing carpenters' tools. He gets a job, works a day or two, then carries off another man's kit, afterwards pawning the contents for drink. He has been known to have as many as a dozen skilled carpenters thrown out of work for lack of equipment. The Crown attributes his penchant for tools to a crevice in his skull through which his intelligence leaks, but a report from the jail doctors this morning

declares him "not insane." His counsel calls it "kleptomania," but the magistrate reminds the learned gentleman that the prisoner is not an aristocrat, and fixes the penalty at two years in the penitentiary.

The next one is just a youth. Yesterday he was prattling at his mother's side or entertaining visitors with precocious sayings, his proud parents predicting for him a dazzling future. This morning he stands in a felon's dock, bold and sour. He ignores the hundred attempts his broken-hearted mother is making to catch his eye, and hurls a surly "guilty" across the court to the charge of stealing plumbing from a vacant house. This is not his first appearance in a Police Court, and he exhibits a bravado which earns a snub from the Crown. Poor mother, leaning on daddy's arm, draws near the Crown's table and asks, brokenly, for one more chance. Even prior convictions have not shaken her faith in the spoilt child, and the magistrate, loath to inflict punishment upon a mother—for it is she who suffers most—allows the youth to go with an ominous warning. Incidentally, the indulgent parents receive a pointed homily.

What! a dishonest cashier asking for a chance? Impossible, even though his poor young wife stands near the dock, hugging a three months'

old baby to her bosom, and casting tearful glances, first at the magistrate, then at the Crown, and finally at the man who, thirteen months ago, had sworn at the altar to "love and cherish till death us do part." A breach of trust is rarely, if ever, overlooked by the Colonel, and while his Worship is entering the sentence of six months into his Calendar, the young wife tumbles forward into the arms of the good-natured, sympathetic P. C. Chapman, who seems to have expected something like this to happen.

No! that pious looking man of middle age is not a churchwarden, dropped in to see life's other side that he might return home and thank God that he is not as other men. As a matter of fact, the gentleman now whispering excitedly a few final words to his lawyer is one of the worst "cheque artists" in the city. His pious countenance has been his best asset for many a year. Hear the Crown denounce him as a menace to the community; mark his counsel cleverly explaining how his client honestly believed there would be funds to meet the cheque; hear the magistrate commit the scoundrel to prison for four months; then see a dozen alert merchants hurry back to their counters with smiles of relief.

By the way, that innocent looking little boy who is standing, wide-eyed between two burly

police officers, and devouring the panorama of justice, is not going to be tried for anything. As a matter of fact he is merely a "copy" boy from one of the newspaper offices waiting to carry away the story of preceding cases. If he continues to come to court for three months, his face will lose its innocent expression.

That sad-eyed creature entering the witness box on the arm of a police matron has been married to the cynical, over-fed brute now standing under the electric chandelier, for fourteen years, and to-day the police woman reports that there isn't an inch of unbruised flesh on the upper part of her body. Her lord and master grins sardonically as she sobs out the recital of the last year's treatment—blows, kicks, privation, then more kicks, periodical rescues from threatened death by neighbors—oft-repeated forgiveness—more blows, kicks, and cuffs. The cause? asks the Crown. Drink, of course. Why "of course," one cannot tell. All men who drink do not hammer their patient, loyal-hearted wives into pulp. But this one has made a habit of it, and his poor victim has made a habit of putting up with it. Watch the Crown's face; see the color paint his cheeks; see his eyes flash back the fire of righteous indignation as he denounces the blackguard in the dock; hear him pay eloquent tribute

to the long-suffering wife, and liken her fortitude to that of the early Christian martyrs; then hear him ask the magistrate to impose an exemplary sentence upon the heartless, sneering, persistent cad whose knuckles and boots had been turned upon the woman who had borne him children, nursed him in sickness, and stayed bravely at the post of duty till felled into unconsciousness by his last blow. Marvel not at the non-committal face of the magistrate during the Crown's tirade, but deduce his opinions from the stiff sentence of two years, with thirty lashes, then, if you can, follow the avenged wife to her home, where she will begin to breathe freedom—the first time in fourteen years.

Everybody is laughing now over the quaint replies of that lean, eagle-beaked man who appears to be in great and immediate need of soap and hot water. He tells the magistrate that the watch he is accused of stealing from a drunken man was presented to him by the brethren of some ancient and honorable body, on the occasion of his leaving his home town, and when the Crown opens the watch and finds another man's name in it, the prisoner claims to have been made the victim of a police conspiracy. Asked why he laid himself down beside a man in a drunken sleep, he replies that his motive was purely

philanthropic—that had he not done so, someone would undoubtedly have ambled along and robbed the sleeper. When questioned as to why he had left his sentry box and tried to pawn the watch, he rubs his eagle nose up and down, back and forth, tugs it twice, as if pulling a door bell, then answers with a grin that he had just remembered an engagement he must keep with a dear old friend. Confronted with a long list of prior convictions, his nose suddenly assumes a crimson hue, the light going in and out, after the fashion of the revolving lamp in a lighthouse. This is the nearest the prisoner gets to an expression of emotion, but, after all, the recurring beacon light may have signified nothing more than a repetition of those "hot waves" peculiar to indigestion. The skeptical magistrate asks the prisoner if he would like to step into the witness box and repeat his statements under oath, but old birds are not caught with chaff, and the watch thief submits without murmur to a sentence of thirty days, knowing full well that had he committed perjury the term would probably have been doubled.

A touch of melodrama follows. In the dock stand three evil-looking, beetle-browed Polocks, charged with wounding a compatriot, whose nose,

and one melancholy eye, are all that is discernible of his features, his entire head being enveloped in what appears to be a bed sheet. Lest the magistrate might form the impression that the man in the witness box had just been wafted from a dressing station in France, following an interview with a shrapnel shell, the Crown briefly explains that the men in the dock, and their victim, had merely taken part in the christening of a Polish infant, and that the font had been filled with whiskey. According to police reports, mother and child were doing well, and other participants in the blessed ceremony voted the affair a never-to-be-forgotten success. Interpreters emphasize the cosmopolitan character of the court, translating the opposing versions of the affair, and conveying questions by the court to the prisoners and complainant. Counsel for the defence endeavors to prove that the ceremony had passed off very quietly, and that the man with his head in the bed clothes, who rejoiced in the name of Mike Pubblechukikuski, had probably fallen downstairs after the benediction. Unfortunately a medical witness upsets this theory by telling of teeth marks on the victim's nose, and, as the defence is unable to show that the baby had bitten Mr. Pubblechukikuski, the prisoners are committed to jail.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL

Mutton chop whiskers, a placid countenance, and a white tie, create the impression that the middle-aged man at the summons rail, is in all probability an itinerant preacher, and necks are craned to see if he has the good Book tucked under his arm. Surely what that weary, worn and sad woman in the witness box is saying cannot apply to a man of such saintly appearance. She is telling the magistrate that the pious gentleman over there left her and their little girl in England two years ago that he might make a home for them in Canada; that three months ago he had sent their fares; that, bubbling over with joy, they had reached Toronto and been taken to the place he called their new home; that the place was no home at all, but merely the address of a woman with whom her loving husband lived on the most favored nation terms; that as the days had progressed, his wife had grown to realize that she was expected to perform the offices of servant in the house, and that she and her child cried themselves to sleep at night while husband and father played traitor. To all of this the [illegible]-looking individual at the rail offers no contradiction and mumbles something about being indebted to his landlady for support while he was out of work. Mark the effect. The Crown Attorney denounces him as a cad, dwells with vehemence upon the despicable nature of his treat-

ment, heaps contempt upon him for playing false with a wife whose conduct during this most humiliating experience has been irreproachable, points a finger at the little girl bearing his name, and asks what she has done to merit this shame and ignominy, and the magistrate follows the tirade with an order that the sanctimonious looking heart-breaker forsake the creature who has supplanted his wife, and gives him a week's time to begin the good work.

A SOLEFUL SOUL

Two police constables and four citizens have just sworn that the diminutive old man peeping through the iron work on the dock picked up a pair of boots from a store front and ran away. The Colonel, aware that some one is on trial, remarks that he would like to see a little more of the dark object moving to and fro in the dock, and the little old man raises himself on his toes for a minute or two, but soon grows tired and drops from view again. As a compromise, he raises a hand above the rail, and while the case lasts signals his feelings in a code which nobody understands. Evidently he agrees

with the magistrate that "thirty days" is exactly what he deserves, because, before going below, he performs several fantastic antics with the signal, which the code book must certainly have deciphered as "Thanks! Good-bye! God bless you!"

Hark! There's music in the cells:

"Just break the news to mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home."

The business of the court stops while the Colonel asks, "What is that?" Just a party of Southern colored people, men and women, convicted of vagrancy in the Women's Court that morning, and now awaiting deportation. They sing well, but the magistrate orders the harmony to be stopped.

Quick! a glass of water. A woman, whose husband is being tried for manslaughter, has just crumpled up at the feet of a policeman, whose bulky form had obscured her view of the man she loved. See! she revives slowly, but with shuddering swiftness her husband has been passed on to a jury court, and she will see him only on visiting days at the jail. Police and detectives make room for her as she staggers out of court.

A fuss at the door! What is it? A pompous

gentleman is demanding admittance to an overcrowded court, and the policeman on guard is telling him he cannot get in unless he has business there. The pompous gentleman attempts to push past, but finds a steel-muscled arm across his path. Now he raises his voice and tells the policeman that this is a public court where justice is administered in the name of His Majesty the King, that in the King's name he demands admittance. As this sounds so much like a command from Buckingham Palace, the pompous gentleman is allowed to squeeze inside.

A girl is in the witness box telling the Colonel that the young dandy at the summons rail had stolen and pawned the diamond ring which had sparkled on the hand he had so often kissed, and the erstwhile lover's counsel is endeavoring to prove that she had loaned him the ring to help him through a season of financial embarrassment. This is borne out by the evidence of the accused, and the Colonel, wise in his day and generation, tells the couple to go away and "make it up."

That carefully dressed and well-nourished man who has just been called to the front, and who looks as if his greatest concern in life is the percentage of nitrogen, albumin, and starch in his meals, is charged with neglecting to supply the necessaries of life for his wife, "whose health is

thereby endangered." Unfortunately his poor wife fails to prove beyond peradventure that her affectionate mate has brought her to the verge of starvation, and in accordance with the strict letter of the law, he is released and given further opportunity to train his wife down until she can exist on a glass of water and a slice of bread per diem.

Clearly, the monumental man, posing at the rail as if he expects to see himself in an illustrated weekly, appears to regard his presence on a criminal charge as an outrageous, abominable, scandalous affair. Somebody will certainly suffer for subjecting one so popular among tin horn politicians to this gross indignity. What's that the Crown Attorney is saying? How dare he suggest that a man who is popular in lodge and political circles could be guilty of swindling a widow out of her hard savings? Let him beware. Nevertheless, it is all proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the ward heeler is really a scoundrel; that he has been traveling for a long time on a monumental bluff, and, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of his counsel to prove otherwise, he is convicted of fraud and justly sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

That poor man contemplating vacuum is evidently unobserved for a moment, but as soon as

the magistrate sees his visage, he hurries him off to the Reception Hospital on a charge of insanity.

The three young bounders, now answering to their names, seem to regard it as the greatest joke in the world to have stolen a citizen's auto and left it in a ditch. They call the affair a "joy ride," and might have roared with laughter when the evidence was all in, had not the magistrate committed them to jail for ten days.

THE WIFE BEATER

Can it be that the little woman with the black eyes is telling the magistrate that she has again forgiven the brute in the dock, and that if he would only give up drink, they would be so happy; that she is going to renew her confidence in his promises? Yes, it's true. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The clock ticks on. The atmosphere of the court is like that of the intellectual department of an abattoir wherein they render offal. The Crown orders a window to be opened, but the fresh air which comes in, finds it is no match for the vitiated atmosphere, and goes out again. The situation grows alarming, and a policeman rushes off to the Health Department for a bottle of

formaldehyde, which he bears off to the cells. The effect is tragic. Within three minutes the court is in tears, and prisoners below are heard shuffling in their cages and roaring imprecations upon the head of the policeman. The magistrate beats a hasty retreat to his room; the Crown Attorney and his learned friends draw out their handkerchiefs and weep as if they had just heard of the death of their favorite client; newspapermen dash into the corridors for a smoke, and everybody else begins to cry. The guilty policeman discreetly stays out of sight until the worst is over, and the magistrate returns, then he comes in looking like a great physician who, after a successful operation for appendicitis, remembers that he has stitched a pair of scissors inside his patient.

It is nearly one o'clock. Many cases have been adjourned. Others, relating to fights, domestic squabbles, horse deals, real estate swindles, gambling and opium den raids, have been disposed of with bewildering swiftness; the policemen identified with such cases have left court, those remaining are wondering how much longer the agony is going to last, the magistrate is showing signs of the strain such a morning's work entails, and spectators are slipping away; the newspaper "copy" boys are waiting impatiently

for another batch of Police Court news, while the scribes' pencils race feverishly along the last lap. Presently the magistrate asks if there is anybody else who would like to be tried, just as if it were the most agreeable thing in the world to send a man to jail; the Staff Inspector says he thinks that's all; then the Calendar is closed with a bang, and the Staff Inspector announces that the court stands adjourned till nine-thirty to-morrow mor-r-ning. Five minutes later the Colonel, dressed for the street, stops on his way out to chat with the busy scribes. Shortly afterwards the court, whose heavily draped walls are pregnant with the tragedies of human lives, is deserted.

LAWYERS I HAVE MET

Fools rush in where wise men consult their solicitors.—Anonymous.

Silence in court!

Valerius Maximus,—"I submit, your Worship, that the Crown has not made out a case against my client. If a detective visits a place where a crime is supposed to have been committed, intent upon finding evidences of that crime, he will find evidences of that crime. Such was the case when I was Crown Attorney, and the nature of detectives has not changed. There has been no prima facie evidence put in by the Crown. As your Worship well knows, prima facie evidence is that which not being inconsistent with the falsity of the hypothesis, nevertheless raises such a degree of probability in its favor that it must prevail if it be credited by your Worship, unless it be rebutted, or the contrary proved. I submit, your Worship, that my learned friend the Crown Attorney has not submitted even prima facie evi-

dence in support of the charge against my client."

Cicero,—"Your Worship can't do that—you know you can't. Your Worship's comments are quite uncalled for, and suggest prejudice. I don't like to say this, but I must defend my client. To send this man to jail would be contrary to the spirit of British justice, for which this court is famed. If your Worship accepts the testimony of convicted thieves and stool pigeons, in preference to the word of the three reputable Methodists I have called this morning, I shall appeal. I want fair play. I am not seeking favors from this court, because I know I shouldn't get them. My learned friend, the Crown Attorney, may talk to the press gallery as much as he likes. His comments are unwarranted and uncalled for. If your Worship convicts, I shall carry the case to a higher court."

Solon,—"I see your Worship watching the clock, but before your Worship commits my client for trial, I just wish to ask the witness one question. Did you give my client a promissory note, and do you know the nature of a promissory note? Surely, when you signed this paper, you could not have known that it was an unconditional promise engaging to pay on demand or at

a fixed or determinable future time, a sum certain in money to or to the order of a specified person or bearer. You are a North York farmer and ought to understand exactly the nature of a note."

Xenophon.—"Now you are not going to tell us that you positively identify the prisoner as the man who did the shooting. You've already admitted that you didn't see him very clearly, and what value can be placed on the sound of a man's voice which might be covered a dozen times, due either to physical or climatic conditions, or to a change of political opinion. I fear the prisoner is at a disadvantage in this court, simply because he happens to be a French-Canadian. You say you recognize his voice—that it is peculiar. The voice of a French-Canadian is just as clear, just as pleasant, as that of anybody in the Province of Ontario. When I was in Quebec with my friends of the Bonne Entente, I found that we in Ontario did not fully appreciate the sweetness and clarity of the French-Canadian voice. I—"

Plato,— Your honor, I intend to sift this matter to the bottom. It is all very well for gentlemen to come to this court and declare that there was gambling going on in the room across the hall from the restaurant, but they

weren't in the room. Seeing reflections in mirrors might be considered a smart piece of detective work, but I wonder if the police ever hold the mirror up to nature and see themselves as others see them. I have sixteen witnesses to call and each will take some little time, but in the meantime I would ask your honor to adjourn the case one week so that plans may be made of the premises. With these we shall have something in the nature of a substantial sub-structure to build upon."

Tacitus,—"There would have been unalloyed, sanctified peace in the house had not the prisoner's mother-in-law insisted upon interfering. The man was a good, gentle and obedient husband until the stout lady with the loud and incessant voice came to stay there. This poor man is not the brute the Crown would make him out to be. He is a martyr, as are tens of thousands of other married men. Ninety per cent. of the domestic strife in the world is directly due to the interference of outsiders, whether relatives or friends. Not being a benedict myself, I speak with unprejudiced authority."

Cato,—"This case ought never to have been brought into a criminal court. It is purely a civil matter. My client is as innocent of guile as any members of the Hymnal Compilation Com-

mittee, of which, your Worship will recollect, I was the convener."

Aristotle,—"It is all a question of caste. Just as we have our very necessary social and intellectual distinctions, however artificial hereditary or educational divisions may appear in a democratic country like Canada, these Chinamen are separated by similar real or imaginary barriers, and there is no doubt that my clients would not now be charged with gambling had there not been treachery on the part of certain Chinamen who are not members of the Chinese Society of Superior Intellects for the Study of Translations Directly from the Vulgate."

Seneca,—"My client has been brow-beaten. The man upon whose word the Crown relies ought to be ridden out of town on a rail. It is a clear case of first lacerating a man and then throwing in the salt. Other witnesses against this poor fellow are merely a lot of abrabilarious bigots. If their testimony is to carry weight in this court, it means the wreck of a virtuous soul. Down with the evidence of these pomaded vultures, this dance hall offal, and up with the Irish."

Livy,—"The Ontario Temperance Act distinctly states in section 96, sub-section a. c., that —. I know, your Worship, because I drew it up myself, at least so I have been told."

"I'M AN OLD MAN, SIR"

The eye that will not keep another's sorrow
Should boast of no gentler brightness than the glare
That reddens in the eyeball of the wolf.—Mason.

A COLD WINTER

Come, let us apart for a while, and talk about the penniless, friendless, homeless, and crimeless old men who for many years we have been committing to a beastly pest house of vice and crime and disease — the only "home" we have had to offer them in the winter of their lives. At the mercy of the winds and waves of adversity, these old derelicts have cried for home, comfort, loving kindness, which ought to be inseparable from old age. But their plea has fallen on deaf ears. In our carpeted and cushioned pews we have droned out the cry,

"I'M AN OLD MAN, SIR"

"Good Lord deliver us"—from everything calculated to interfere with our comforts, while poor old fellows, with furrowed brows, whitened hair, and bent forms, were being sent to mix with malefactors, felons, thieves, diseased harlots and brothal pimps, and to imagine the place a "home." Year after year homeless old men have stood in the criminal's dock and, in tremulous words, have asked to be taken care of for the winter. I recall a typical case. It was Monday morning, the dock was filled to overflowing with drunks, the air reeking with the sickening stench of foul bodies and stale whiskey breath. Huddled in a corner sat an old man, bent with years. Rocking to and fro, his unshaven chin resting on a stick, he seemed like one in a dream—ah, yes, in a dream. His thoughts were back amid the sunlit days of childhood, the tender influence of a mother, the guiding hand of a father. Then on, on, on to the exciting pleasures of youth, crowded with the unreal phantoms, the meteor shapes which men create out of their own dustborn desires and vain imaginations. Then the garden of love, later transformed into a home, where, surrounded by his own children, he dwelt in happiness, contentment and hope. Years passed on, and with them drifted the ties which made home beautiful.

Then the dark, cold day, when his tears had mingled with the clods that fell with sickening thud upon his wife's casket, and he had turned from the cheerless cemetery to face the world—alone. Bravely he had battled with forces which had defeated stronger men—helped now and then by the kindly hand of passing Samaratan—but only now and then. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone." The last of his treasured relics gone, he began to drift, drift, drift like a broken spa on the river's breast, his hair gone white, his limbs more frail, his back more bent. His life had not been all it ought to have been and that cankering agony, the bitterness of regret, often hidden in the hearts of those around us, had grown unsupportable as he looked back through the vista of his departed years, and his spirit had sank. Moral and physical paralysis had incapacitated him for the smallest efforts. The notes of wailing from his heart had ceased. The fight was lost. In his helplessness he had turned to a policeman.

The clear voice of the magistrate startled the old man from his reverie, and the strong hand of a kindly constable helped him from his seat. Standing beneath the costly electric cluster, clutching the iron rail with trembling hand, he looked nervously at the well-groomed man on the bench.

"I'M AN OLD MAN, SIR"

The information paper described him as a vagrant, a loose, idle, disorderly person, with no visible means of support, but the magistrate spared him the definition.

"Have you no home?" asked the court, noting the silver locks gleaming in the electric light.

"Home? No sir," answered the old man, a tear balancing itself for an instant upon the whitened eyelashes, then plunging swiftly down the sunken cheeks.

An officer explained that the prisoner had spent some time at one of Toronto's so-called refuges, but had proved too troublesome. The authorities didn't want him back. As if the so-called life in such an institution were calculated to render a broken old man anything but "troublesome." Heaven help us! What crimes are committed in the name of "philanthropy."

"I'm afraid," said the magistrate, "the only place I can send you to is the jail. You'll have shelter—enough to eat—and it is warm."

Trembling, as if the ague had seized him, the old man repeated the words slowly—with deliberation—"shelter—enough to eat—it is warm."

"That's what I want, sir—that'll be like, like, like h-h-home. May I stay there till, till the end?"

"Well—perhaps. For the winter, at all events. They'll let you out when the weather is fine."

The old man drew his ragged coat close about his neck, and glanced like a frightened child at the swirling snow outside. There was no choice. In an instant he realized the futility of expecting more and bowed his snow-white head in submission. On his way toward the dock stairs, from which ascended the foulest air, the old man paused and looked over again at the kindly-faced magistrate, as if anxious to impress the expression upon his mind.

"I'm—I'm an old man, sir," he mumbled.

"Yes, yes, I know. God bless you."

The benediction came from a man rich in this world's goods, and it fell upon the head of a broken-spirited, penniless, friendless, homeless old human derelict.

Critics of these old men, usually saintly folk, who have good homes, and say their prayers in public places, have said that the old chaps are, for the most part, "quite impossible"; that many are actually dirty. Ah! but a little soap and water would clean them up in a week, whereas two thousand years of organized Christianity have failed to cleanse their critics. I wonder if we had had similar experience we should have been "troublesome" in our old age? How many

old men, wallowing in riches, are not troublesome? Thousands of them are bad tempered, garrulous, tyrants, at whose footfall the family trembles, and who are cursed and wished dead a dozen times a day. But whoever heard of an ancient Dives being sent to the House of Providence or the House of Industry to earn the character of being troublesome? Let a spoilt son or daughter propose it.

Let us imagine the worst about the old fellow in the dock, and this does not apply to more than one per cent. of such cases. Perhaps he has good reason to be "troublesome." His mind may not be at rest. Remorse may be gnawing at his old heart. Which of us has not strayed like lost sheep? Maybe the bitterness of remorse is destroying him. Through the mists of the past he sees the mutilated remains of a life once rich with promise; he sees, when too late, the loathsomeness of intemperance, self-indulgence, senseless folly, and in the helplessness of old age wails out, "Oh, to think on what I might have been and what I am." Then on his fevered cheek and aching brow comes rushing back in memory the fresh breeze that fanned his face in boyhood, and through his saddened soul swells up the remembrance of his first innocence, and of his guileless hopes when, untrodden yet, the golden future lay

before him, where he might have walked so pure a course.

Too late!

The door of opportunity is closed for ever, and against its hard panels the "troublesome" old man beats in vain his gnarled and crippled hands. Let us pity even such as he, and give him a home (not a branch of a jail, as is now proposed) where he may spend a few years of rest—where he may find some peace in the glories of the setting sun.

A PRINCE IN THE DOCK

Hundreds of cocaine and morphine victims filter through the court each year, but since the Ontario Temperance Act came into operation the number of young men adopting the drug habit has been steadily on the increase. I don't blame Prohibition, because a dope fiend is as miserable an object as a drunkard. Legislation which checks either the drug habit or alcoholism is commendable. Heaven knows, the race is remote enough from the physical, intellectual and spiritual ideals of the Creator. Addiction to cocaine, morphine or alcohol only puts us further away from the Supreme Likeness. "Dope," whether morphine, heroin, cocaine, or opium, will disfigure the finest physique in a short season, and turn light-hearted, happy, energetic, hopeful, ambitious young men into leaden-spirited, bad-tempered, indolent, pessimistic, ambitionless wrecks. Whether the soul-destroying drug is sniffed up the nos[illegible]r shot into the arm through a needle makes no difference. The dope fiend becomes a load of

care to himself and a menace to society. Plain-clothesmen run a number to earth for having drugs in their possession for other than scientific or medicinal purposes, but these are only a small percentage of the number addicted to the habit. I remember a victim appearing in the dock and startling the court with the alarming announcement that he was a Persian prince, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and visiting Toronto for the purpose of securing two hundred new wives. He had made arrangements with the Mayor for a march-past in the council chamber of all the most beautiful women in Toronto, and the City Treasurer had accepted his I.O.U. for thirty million dollars. This sum, he had decided, would probably suffice for the purchase of two hundred Canadian beauties, but if more were needed the Mayor had promised to mortgage the City Hall. He said he would have come to court earlier in the morning had his passage through the streets not been impeded by a crowd of bank managers eager to advance him money. The ring he wore had originally been the property of Cleopatra, and his silk shirt had been woven by the daughter of Jairus. If the architect of the Parliament buildings were still living he would like to take him back to Persia to design a club for Persian waifs. Every wish of his, uttered or unexpressed, had

been granted by the monarchs and governments of the world, and thrice had he triumphed over the grave. When the magistrate asked the spectral-looking potentate how he had reached Canada he replied loftily that he had come on the wings of the morning and was due to return in time to preside at a meeting in Persia called to discuss the advisability of presenting the chorus ladies in American musical extravaganza shows with Persian lamb coats. If, as he had reason to suspect, the magistrate believed him mad, he felt flattered beyond words. Genius and lunacy were twins. The brainiest and sanest men in the universe had either been locked up in asylums or had died before their genius had been recognized. Visit the world's art galleries, study the pictures of Raphael, Corregio, Georgione, Titian, Rembrandt, Reubens and Tintoret, and question no longer the madness of the painters; could any but those as mad as themselves have lived in the same house as Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner and Chopin while these men of genius worked? Let the student of poetry try to discover sense, reason or beauty in the greater poems of Shelley, Keats or Browning and avoid capture and incarceration in a lunatic asylum, if he can; and as for literature, we need only glance at the works of Jules Verne, H. G. Wells and Captain Marryat to know that

Machiavelli, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Shakespeare, Carlyle and Goethe were stark, staring mad. Here the prisoner paused for a reply—after the manner of Brutus. His eyes, at first brilliant, were fast losing their lustre and a clammy sweat covered his ashen features. He seemed like a corpse released from the tomb, terrified by the strangeness of things around. Suddenly the gathering, enveloping weakness was flung off and, resting an elbow on the dock rail, he resumed his strange line of thought:

"What is this thing that haunts me day and night,
That shows two words for every one I write?
Attend, ye gods, while I repeat the question,
Can this be love, or is it indigestion?"

"I see you think me mad, sir—you who sit like one in authority. Bah! when you speak the criminal, who, coward-like, strikes in the dark, or from behind, slinks off to the dungeon. What trumpery power is yours! When I speak, the earth trembles, rocks and mountains totter, and seas dry up. Men die when I frown at them. I am a god and preside over the councils of the gods. I raise my hand and legions of fighting men arise to do my bidding. I take the advice of no man, and continue calm when assailed by foes. The faith I have in myself is the keynote of my strength.

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

"As I was saying, sir, I have just completed a subterranean passage between England and Persia for the conveyance of Persian lambs to the Western Hemisphere.

"On my return I shall promote a company to carry out the details. If the tunnel ever leaks, the lambs, being watered stock, will not perish. A moment, sir, while I read the profoundest lines ever written:

"Boys, the frogs' life for me! They need not him
Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim."

"Is there not a simple, everlasting beauty and truthfulness about those lines? How many frogs have you on your books to-day? But I see you are no poet. The poet's burning verities do not so much as singe you. You are asbestos, impervious to the fiery plea for compassion which comes from a man inflamed by drink, and untouched by the scorching rays of a woman's supplication for leniency——. Alas! it is growing dark.

"The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more."

"——No! 'Tis but a cloud passing over Eaton's drug counter as the clerk hands me back the forged prescription. I tremble—not with fear. I hurl anathema at him. Avaunt! base varlot, ere I summon the aid of the gods and crush you. He calls for help. I fly——. I am descending fast. Like the lark that has finished his song, I drop like a stone into the cornfield. My Persian lambs are bleating in the adjoining meadow, and the time punched on my transfer has gone.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

"Sir, you are a wise man, learned in the law, but can you tell me whether the owl came out of the egg, or the egg out of the owl? I see you cannot answer. Let me tell you. Undoubtedly they both came into existence at the same time. When man (the owl) came into existence, the egg (the State) simultaneously appeared. I am before you because the State has become more powerful than the individual and has been throwing its eggs at the individual for ages. On the other hand, the individual often throws eggs at the State, but the State, having more eggs than anybody else, soon puts the individual out of business.

If, therefore, and it's as plain as a pikestaff, the owl (the individual) came out of the egg, instead of the egg out of the owl, it at once suggests equality of importance, and Euclid says 'things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.' The egg, the owl, the State and the individual, therefore, can claim no precedence. All are equal, or, as the lawyers say, 'That which is void from the beginning cannot become valid by lapse of time.' Q. E. D. Nux vomica. . . .

"I pause for a reply. Then none have I offended. I am a man of ideals, sir. The ideal of Egypt was mystery; that of Greece, beauty; that of Rome, power; that of Bass, good ale. Egypt gave us the stage conjurer; Greece, the shoe shine; Rome, the Roman candle, and Bass, froth. England, sir, stands for freedom. The story of our endeavor is epitomized in Westminster Abbey—tombs and dead men. For their inspiration, I thank them. I—ah, yes! It's my lambs again, calling their shepherd—there's something on my mind, sir, something I wished to say, but the wind, sir, the wind has blown it away. I—I—I've a broom at the mast, and I'm go-going out to sea—the wind—the wind is scurrying the clouds along, the tide is high, the sails are set, and I'm——."

Trailing off into unintelligible sentences, his eyes glazed as in death, his pallid face glistening

with sweat, his mouth no longer capable of fashioning words, the wretched victim of the deadly drug rapidly floundered into unfathomable depths and finally dropped to the dock floor. On reviving, he was removed to the Ontario Reformatory, where, under the skilful and kindly treatment of Warden Gilmour, he lost his craving for cocaine and regained his manhood.

BEWARE OF FRANTIC BOAST

Whether "Social Service," and the "Spirit of Uplift," that is stirring through our cities nowadays is evidence of real progress, or merely old-time morality under another name, it is difficult to say. One thing is certain; look back two thousand years, twenty years, or ten years, and you will find the same old tale of human sin, and transgression of human and Divine law, told over and over again. Crime, and he who commits it, appear to be devoid of originality.

Rome and Greece in the zenith of their glory could boast neither a hospital for the sick, nor an asylum for the poor. To-day there are hospitals innumerable, with scores of beds in each, occupied by victims—innocent and culpable—of a loathsome disease that was prevalent in those ancient cities. And the crimes that to-day bring men to the Police Court are identical with those committed in Rome and Greece.

We are supposed to have suppressed polygamy, and yet every year the Morality Department

handles numberless cases, and police records indicate that the crime is common. The old slave market of Cairo is gone forever, but scarce a day passes but some daughter—resisting or unresisting—is sacrificed on the altar of social ambition.

Our advanced civilization is alleged to have stopped for all time the abandonment of aged parents by neglectful children, and yet the police calendar, year by year, bears the names of scores of old people whose children have left them to hunger and thirst.

And the scarlet women of Rome and Greece! Has our advanced civilization and spirit of uplift reduced their proportion to the community today? Ask the plainclothes constables how many places of ill-repute there are in Toronto, and let their estimate be the answer. We who go to church, and live orthodox lives, glory in the claim that our higher civilization has at any rate sanctified the bond of marriage, and every morning in the week, year after year, women appear before the magistrate and ask for orders of protection, simply because there is not—and in most cases there never has been—any sanctity at all in the marriage bond.

And we think that our intelligent legislation has checked the licentiousness of divorce, all unmindful (with few exceptions) of the fact that

the costliness of divorce in Canada has created evils in this direction far surpassing any likely to accrue from mere accessible divorce laws.

Human slavery of the black variety is abolished forever, but that of the white order flourishes boldly in our midst. We do not hang a man for stealing a sheep, but our considerate laws do not make it impossible to incarcerate a boy of sixteen with the vilest reprobates in our prisons.

Government of to-day may appear more equitable than that of ancient Rome and Greece, but it still enacts law that makes life easy for the rich and doubly hard for the poor. Our "institutions for instructing the ignorant" succeed chiefly in moulding their pupils into bigoted party zealots; hence, though the stream of justice may not be so muddy as that which inspired Rienzi to liberate Rome, the courts of our fair land are still used to engross political inexactitude and call it truth.

Sexual abnormalities are not confined to the sultry and picturesque East, nor did the practice of voluptuous sensuality vanish with the court of the Pompadour. Until quite recently there were massage parlors in Toronto that were patronized, with aesthetic discrimination, by men who still cut fine figures in public life. If a man's taste runs in that direction, that is his own business,

but in heaven's name let him keep out of the public service and church parades. And I am speaking sober truth when I prophesy that if the Government is in earnest about gathering data upon which to base social legislation, its investigators will meet with staggering surprises. There is not a newspaper man in Toronto but whose mental notebook contains ample material for scandals that would echo across the Dominion. But members of the Fourth Estate are trained to be oysters.

There are dance halls that are merely storehouses of passion; motor car scouts whose autos are dedicated to the service of evil; and places of resort that are so eminently "respectable" that the police dare not enter. The mode of dress adopted at these fashionable resorts, the nature of the entertainment, the dissipating tendency of the music, the conversation, the lateness of the hour to which the dazzling scene is protracted, the false varnish thrown over many a worthless character by the fascinating exterior he exhibits, all furnish ample material for examination by social service and moral reform enthusiasts. Laws are laughed at to-day by the "great" as they were in the old days by the Patrician of ancient Rome. Men with political "pull," whose sons, or friends, have committed crime, are able to evade

the chastening hand of justice by having the wrongdoers railroaded into an asylum, the brevity of their sojourn suggesting that the "lunatics" merely go in at the front door and come out at the back!

It may be a hard thing—and knowing many magistrates and judges, I am able to say that I believe it is a hard thing—to turn the judiciary from the path of duty, but it is comparatively easy to defeat the ends of justice—if one knows how.

So much for comparisons. What of the future? Have our reformers any grounds for hope that crime is being gradually eliminated through their efforts? Let those more rash than a Police Court chronicler venture the answer.

To-day we are discussing a terrible disease, the inherited and contracted result of impurity. Our medical authorities tell us that the virus of this pestilence lurks in the veins of over thirty per cent. of our population. In the hope of preventing dissemination of this social plague, it is proposed to segregate for six months, or even longer, those unfortunate females who are found to be infected with the disease. Meanwhile many of our police share the opinion that the most assiduous disseminator is the girl in her teens who thoughtlessly rushes into sexual vice, via movie

shows, dance halls, and joy rides. If this suspicion of the police is well founded, will segregation of the professional stamp out the moral disease as effectually as universal muzzling does rabies of the canine sort?

If I had to suggest a "treatment," I should say: Let exemplary punishment be meted out impartially—after the Japanese manner—to both offenders. No fines should be imposed. I would make it prison, without an option, whether the male offender be statesman, shoe-shine artist, philanthropist, or pimp. That may not be a "real cure." But is there any real cure?

These are the days of democracy, and we talk a great deal about the "white light of publicity" being the safeguard of the masses against the "vested interests" of the exalted ones. Suppose we tried the democratic way with this last-mentioned vice or crime.

I said that Rome and Greece were suffering in those far-off days from crimes common to-day. But it comes to my mind that the once popular pastime of highway robbery is to-day sharing the honors of seclusion with the stately gavotte and graceful minuet. This is entirely due to the impossibility of secrecy that shrouded the highwaymen and their enterprise. Who knows but that fullest knowledge and freest discussion of these

social perils may sound the knell for their departure into the limbo of forgotten vice. For, whatever may have evolved through time, we know that vice travels to-day the same road it travelled five thousand years ago. It shuns the bright sun and the open sky; it takes the by-paths of ignorance that are always in the shadow.

The high priests of ancient religions, creeds demoniac and cruel, were ever the "mystery men" of the nation. And we know that wherever there is mystery there is danger. The "mystery of sex" is one of the last lines in the antiquated stock-in-trade of professional moralists, who have made a virtue of duty, and a vice of much that is merely ignorance alone.

"To err is human; to forgive Divine," runs the proverb. Another wise word is: "To know all is to forgive all." Therefore it seems that in knowledge alone lies our hope of "uplift"—whatever the condition or circumstances, fault or crime.

THE ROGUE AND THE LAW

The more one sees of men the fonder one grows of dogs.—Lamartine.

I had just finished my "copy" one day, when a neatly dressed old lady, with snowy hair, and a pleasant, though wrinkled face, came in. Visitors to court, when all is over, are common enough, but this one seemed different from the rest. She looked round in silence for a moment or two, then asked in a clear, steady voice: "Can I see the magistrate?"

"No, madam; the magistrate has gone for the day."

"Had he been here, could I have spoken to him?"

"I'm afraid not. You see, it is contrary to rules to allow strangers to talk to the magistrate, except in open court."

"Magistrates and judges are like kings in many ways."

"Much more difficult to get at, and often less impressionable when appealed to."

"I wanted to ask him if he remembered the case of J—, last spring. A man was suing my daughter for $3,000."

"Then the case wouldn't be heard in this court. Only criminal cases are tried here."

"This man was a criminal."

"So are many whose cases are heard in civil courts. Did your daughter have to pay?"

"Yes, and I thought if I could see the magistrate, he would advise me what to do about a message I've just received. Do you believe in messages?"

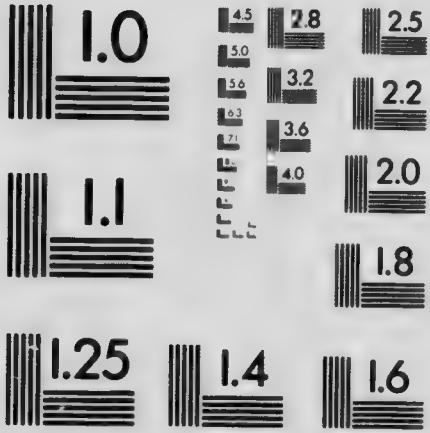
"Messages?"

"My daughter died after she was swindled out of her money in what you call a civil court, but two nights ago she came to me and told me to see Magistrate Denison."

I gave a little jump. Could it be possible that the fame of the Police Magistrate had reached heaven—where we are told all women go? The suggestion that an angel had been driven to the extremity of turning to an earthly judge for justice was surely novel, especially in view of the oft-repeated statement of the Colonel that when one citizen tells another citizen to go to the infernal regions, he very properly comes to the Police Court.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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"I believe in messages, madam," I said quietly.

"Do you think the magistrate does?"

"Not from that source. Why, when the most saintly of our ministers give character evidence on behalf of a prisoner, the magistrate doesn't pay the slightest attention to it."

"He must be a hard man."

"Absolutely impervious at times. Had your daughter heard otherwise, madam?"

"She could not have done so; she said so distinctly, 'go to the magistrate for justice.'"

I promised to report the matter and she went away. It was all quite plain. She was not the first, nor will she be the last, poor soul to be driven mad by the conduct of life-crushing, blood-squeezing villains who ought to be in the dock of a criminal court, but who are cunning enough to put a "civil" face upon their crimes and thus evade the jail or penitentiary sentence they deserve. Had the case of this poor little lady's daughter been brought into the Police Court, it is most probable that the counsel for the defence would have exhibited great indignation and reminded the magistrate a score of times that "this is a civil action." Whenever this "righteous indignation" is displayed, it invarably happens that although the case in question may be superficially civil, beneath the surface it is putrid

with the meanest kind of criminality. It sometimes seems that the law is framed to protect bad men, and that the worse a man is, the more difficult it is to convict him. A crook, a clever lawyer, and a law drawn up by lawyers, form a combination which it is almost impossible to defeat, even in a court where legal technicalities are taboo. Take, for example, a man who has been brought before the magistrate a dozen times during the past ten years on charges of fraud, the swindle taking the form of a worthless cheque. This rogue's personality inspires a certain amount of confidence. He is invariably well dressed, is tall, carries his head as loftily as a churchwarden, and speaks in a voice which suggests the political orator who incessantly prates about "the clarion call to duty." His favorite scheme is to stride into a small grocery store after banking hours, order three or four dollars' worth of provisions, then tender a cheque for twice the amount of the bill, and receive the change. The merchant usually falls a ready victim, but if he hesitates about accepting the cheque, this monumental knave announces in a grandiloquent manner that he is none other than Mr. —. "I'm Mr. —," he says, and the poor merchant, anxious to avoid appearing ignorant, begs his customer's pardon and accepts the cheque, which in time comes back marked

"No account," or "N.S.F." The first cheque, however, may be good, the second and third, likewise, but the fourth is worthless.

If the swindler is hailed to court, he is always represented by a lawyer who, outwardly, has unbounded faith in the integrity of his rascally client, and who prefaces his oration for the defence by pointing to the fact that, as an earnest of good faith, his persecuted client has paid the value of the cheque, either to the complainant, or into court. Then he produces bank books to show that the highly honorable gentleman he is privileged to defend, really had an account once upon a time at the bank in question, and that when he issued the cheque he honestly believed there were funds to meet it. Any business man was liable to make a similar mistake, and let the complainant understand that he had committed a very grave injustice in charging so estimable and honorable a man with fraud. There may yet be an action to recover damages for malicious prosecution. One never could tell what would happen when the character of so worthy a person as his client was assailed in so unwarranted a fashion. And let the newspapers have a care how they report these proceedings, else they might find themselves mulcted in heavy damages.

I made enquiries about the case to which the little old lady with a message from heaven had

referred, and found that her daughter had been swindled out of $3,000 by just such a rascal as this worthless cheque artist, and that the case had been heard in a civil court because the villain was sharp enough to veneer his criminal intent with a complicated contract. Clearly it was another case of the law and the rogue going arm-in-arm. One victim is dead, and the other may shortly be in an asylum. But what cares the rogue, so long as he has the law for guide, counsellor, and friend?

KISSING THE BOOK

If the Devil is the Father of Lies, then an enormous number of his offspring frequent police courts. One would imagine that a person who had gone through the solemn ritual of swearing by the Word of God to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, would make some slight attempt to say what was true, but experience has proved that the imprint of many witness' lips upon the Bible is of about as much value as the advertisement of a cure for consumption. All men are not liars. Thousands of witnesses pass through the Police Court each year who tell the truth because it is the truth and not because they happen to have kissed the Bible instead of a thumb. To such men and women it is more natural to tell the truth than to utter falsehood. Moreover, in many cases, there is nothing to be gained by deviating from the truth. On the other hand, there are thousands of men and women who are no more impressed by placing their lips to the Word of God, than if they had

kissed a side of bacon. They have no idea that the whole framework of society would fall to pieces if built upon the shifting sands of doubt and suspicion, nor do they realize that their own immunity from punishment is due to the fact that society trusts them. And of liars there is an immense variety. The most brazen I can recall was a well-educated, immaculately-dressed man who had swindled a score of banks in Toronto. Seven of the managers were in court, and each swore positively that the prisoner was the man with whom they had had dealings. One by one they were brought forward to look the prisoner in the eye, and each was emphatic in his identification. Going into the witness box, the prisoner, whose personality was not of a common type, kissed the Book, and, without hesitation, swore that he had not only not been in the banks mentioned, but that at no time had he ever seen the complainants. Each stepped towards the box and was steadily looked at by the prisoner, and of each he said, "That gentleman is an absolute stranger to me." The performance was absurd in a court where the magistrate is so keen an observer of human nature, and drew from his Worship the comment that the prisoner was the coolest perjurer he had ever met—a fact which stiffened up the penalty to five years.

KISSING THE BOOK

A spirit of vindictiveness is responsible for a great deal of lying. A dimpled maiden with a mouthful of bridge work will lie mercilessly to injure a man who now buys ice cream for another woman. Such a girl puts her lips to the Book as reverently as a dying man kisses the crucifix, then, looking demure and chaste, lies like an Eastern fakir. Wives who, twenty-four hours before, have visited the Morality Department, and poured maledictions upon the heads of their husbands, charging them with wanton neglect and shocking brutality, will enter the witness box, glance quickly at the man in the dock, seize the good Book, put it to their noses, after the fashion of a cook smelling a frying pan, then excitedly swear that Bill has been consistently devoted to his home, loves his children, and brings home all his pay. There may be credit due to someone in this class of lying. The swift glance at the brute in the dock suggests something else.

Gamblers are clumsy liars. Policemen (who always speak the truth) may have produced the most conclusive and confounding proofs that a card game for money had been in progress, such as money on the table, a scramble for it when the place was entered, remarks about the "rake-off" heard at the other side of the door, statements made by men who had played there at

other times, the padded table—but notwithstanding all this testimony, the accused will enter the witness box, one by one, kiss the Book with a noise suggestive of a cow pulling its foot out of a bog, and deliberately swear it was a friendly game, that the money on the table was for sandwiches, that the padding on the table was to spare the feelings of a man upstairs suffering from neuritis, and that the person who had told the police he had played there for money was lying because the proprietor of the premises had discharged him from his shirt factory for throwing cigarette butts into the cotton.

A thief will lie, either to defend himself or to save a companion, sometimes merely to put the police to endless trouble. The latter is frequently the only means a much-convicted man has of "getting square" with his "persecutors." If he can tell a lie that will keep two or three officers tearing right and left for a week, in fruitless search for the missing link of testimony, he is happy, and grins sardonically when it is all over. This type of liar, however, meets with little encouragement and still less success nowadays than heretofore. The most stupid of his variety is the prisoner who swears he bought the stolen coat from a strange man, "of medium height, with red hair." Invariably the magistrate informs him

that the police have been searching for that particular individual for thirty odd years, and that if the description is the only clue he can furnish, he had better begin his term at once, instead of a week hence. There is no doubt that if ever that mysterious man, who for so long has been getting poor chaps into trouble, should turn up, he'll have a big reception at the City Hall.

Mothers, poor, broken-hearted mothers, their hair whitened by anxiety, their spirits broken by years of strain, their faces furrowed by care, lie sometimes to save their sons. May God forgive them, even as a discerning police magistrate overlooks their offence. Moral philosophy tells us that falsehood is not justifiable for the safety of one's own life, or that of others; that political freedom and religious truth have been, in past ages, propagated more effectively by martyrdom than by any other instrumentality; that no men have so fully merited the gratitude of their race as those who have held the truth dearer than life; and yet who is so stern a critic, so unsparing a judge, as to denounce as lies, the words spoken by a lad's best and staunchest friend to save him from the torments and horrors of a prison cell?

Chinamen swear by broken saucers and chicken bones, but thus far none of these emblems of ver-

acity have been added to the Police Court collection of temptations to speak the truth. Besides, whether the remains of a deceased chicken, broken china, or the Christian's Bible, be used, the testimony would remain speculative, inasmuch that although the witness may be speaking the truth, the Chinaman who interprets may be translating the statements into any one of the six thousand dialects spoken in China, the translation being diametrically opposite to what the witness meant to convey. As a class, the Chinese are not law-breakers, that is to say, they don't break into houses, rob from the person and against the will of highly respectable citizens going home too full for utterance, or blow-up safes, or pass worthless cheques. They appear to confine themselves entirely to smoking opium, playing fan-tan, destroying buttonholes, and dyeing white shirts their national color. It is only fair, therefore, to credit them with a respect for the truth, and to accept the affectionate smack they give the Bible, as an osculatory declaration to abide by the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the best of their knowledge and belief, for the law says that if a man only swears as he thinks, remembers, or believes, he is not guilty of perjury; but, if he swears that he believes a fact to be true, which he knows to be

false, he is guilty of perjury. The oath is an appeal to God to witness the truth of a statement, but in what manner the Christian's God will deal with the heathen who swears falsely on the Word of a God he doesn't recognize, is another of the mysteries upon which theologians like to speculate. I believe that Crown officers put as much faith in the word of a Chinaman as they do in the sworn testimony of moral reformers.

If you're going to say what's right,
Kiss the Book;
If you're going to swear black's white,
Kiss the Book;
Look the Court straight in the eye,
Like a man who'll do or die;
Then, before you start to lie,
Kiss the Book.

THE ROAD TO THE DOCK

(Dedicated to boys of 16 to 20)

At the risk of being charged with aiding and abetting the downfall of a fellow creature, I am going to indite a few hints on "How To Get Into Jail," leaving the nobler task of telling "How To Keep Out Of Jail" to the clergy. There may be a sermon somewhere in the suggestions, but, if so, it won't be put on a notice board or published in a Saturday edition.

1.—Tell the "old man" to mind his own business.
2.—Shoot craps.
3.—Loaf about the streets.
4.—Frequent pool rooms.
5.—Use bad language in public places.
6.—Talk back to policemen.
7.—Fight on the streets.
8.—Stay out till midnight.
9.—Pass remarks to strange girls.
10.—Drink.

THE ROAD TO THE DOCK

In the efflorescence of youthful energy, commandments, whether they be the ten which were delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai or the six thousand by-laws which direct the feet of the people of Toronto, are likely to get what a pedantic professor would term the "go-by." The senses are vigorous, the spirits "skip like rams," the imagination is ardent, the passions 95 in the shade, and the anxieties of life, nil. Hence the disposition to follow the impulses of corrupt nature. Strictly speaking, we are all corrupt, but it would never do to tell everybody. Humbug has become a science. The man who really hasn't any vices, but who parades his solitary weakness, is put into jail, while the fellow who is filled with vice, but who parades a virtue he doesn't possess, wins public favor. The world estimates the worth of a man by what he seems to be. But that is by the way. The text is "How To Get Into Jail," and for the lad who isn't anchored to a good home, it is easy sailing. It is all very well for people of mature years, who probably sowed acres of wild oats in their own youth, to talk loftily of high ideals, and to insist that a red-blooded boy of sixteen go out into the hurly-burly, pleasure-loving world with a "Let-us-all-be-miserable-together" expression on his face, but they forget that the boy of to-day is

exactly what the boy was of fifty years ago, only more so, and that if they found it easy to run their little craft down the stream of worldly pleasure, it is much easier for the boy of to-day to go in for the same kind of boating. The boy is the nation's greatest problem, and yet the solution is left largely in the hands of people who have either forgotten their own youth, or who never had a youth worth a tinker's anathema. Boys of sixteen cheek their parents, shoot craps, loaf about the streets, frequent pool rooms, use bad language, talk back to policemen, fight, stay out till midnight, pass remarks to strange girls, drink, and come to the Police Court, because, to their limited vision, there isn't anything else to do. Heaven help the nation whose lads, when rebuked by a policeman, raise their hats and say, "The rebuke is merited. Recognizing in you a representative of a properly constituted authority, I beg pardon. The sole aim of my life is to subject all natural inclinations to rigid discipline, and to conform religiously to the laws of the land. When I get home I shall read a chapter of Peabody's Moral Philosophy." But there is a medium.

The ten steps I have indicated, any one of which will ensure a youth's appearance before the magistrate, are within reach of every boy of

sixteen, and rather suggest that a lad who could evade them all, would be an insufferable prig. And so he would. Mind, I am not dealing only with the boy who has to earn his living when he leaves the public school. The rich man's son may not "tell the 'old man' to mind his own business," but he will leave him to do so nevertheless; he may not "shoot craps," but probably follows his mother's example and plays bridge; he would regard "loafing on the streets" as infra dig, and frequenting pool rooms just as distasteful, simply because he has a spacious and attractive home to loaf in, and a private billiard table upstairs; bad language in public places might not be heard from the rich man's son, but Rosedale servants, were they not too decent to do so, could tell a great deal about the resourcefulness of the vocabulary of a rich man's son; the pampered offspring of the plutocrat never finds it necessary to "talk back" to a policeman, because, forsooth, the minion of the law regards it a privilege to turn his back upon the roysterings of moneyed youth; fights on the street would be regarded as bally vulgar, don't-cher-know, by the rich man's son, but he can fight like a barbarian in the privacy of a friend's garage; staying out till midnight bristles with danger for the youth who has to walk home, but holds no dangers at all for the

gilded lad who can 'phone for his car at 3 a.m.; the poor boy gets run in for passing remarks to strange girls, but the rich man's son may say what he likes to virtuous females who are forced to earn a living in stylish tea-rooms; and, lastly, there's a policeman at the corner for the poor man's son who takes too much to drink, and a chauffeur to carry the rich boy to bed when he's swallowed his last cocktail.

Both lads have their temptations, and both succumb, but the road to jail is made doubly easy for the youth without money.

Why?

THE TRANSIT OF ALGERNON

"Have a good time. If you don't, somebody else will."

"OH, WHAT A NIGHT!"

Loving pleasure, and longing for excitement, Algernon the gay, the witty, the fascinating, the debonnair, dressed himself with scrupulous care, one fine evening, and strolled down town in search of adventure. Algernon was young, and the glittering follies of youth had not yet palled upon his taste. The tinsel and brilliance of the stage still thrilled his impressionable mind with delight, and the taste of a high-ball shot him into a seventh heaven. The world claimed him for its own, petted and flattered him, because he had wealth to lavish upon his friends and sparkling prattle for the social circle. He was in the first ardour of earth-drawn longings and desires, and the temptations of the flesh,

the wiles of the devil, charmed him. To himself he appeared a shooting star which flashed along the midnight sky—brilliant, startling—known and seen by all. Earth's allurements were glowing pictures, its vices sweeter than honey, and a diaphanous skirt thrilled him through and through. Love of the world wove over his soul the blinding veil, and he plunged deeper and deeper into the mocking shallows. Glasses click merrily as the wine flows round the table at the after-theatre supper, and Algernon toasts a dozen times the pretty chorus girl who Can-Cans on the table top. Algernon is gayer than ever to-night; Algernon is wittier than ever to-night; Algernon is more passionate than ever to-night; and alas, and alack, Algernon is more drunk than ever to-night.

Picked up by the police at two o'clock in the morning, Algernon now sits with reeling, throbbing head in the cells at the City Hall. Through his blood-shot, swimming eyes, he sees about him scores of men who, like himself, had drained the flowing bowl the night before, and now waiting, parched and sick, for the summons to appear before the magistrate. His head on fire, he longs to break the bars which bind him like a beast, and dash forth into the sunlight and pure air. On all sides he sees misery, poverty, anxiety. Old

men sit crouched in corners; young men, in bondage for their first crime, fret over their fate; others, schooled in iniquity, fling vile jests across the cells, and taunt the first offenders in their misery. Night hawks, their heads ready to burst, snarl and growl at the noise-makers, and are mercilessly mocked for their trouble. Foreigners of half a dozen nationalities jabber loudly in strange tongues, and the stench of a hundred foul breaths pollutes the atmosphere. The place feels and smells like an ill-kept zoo, where imprisoned beasts pace the floor of their cages, snapping, growling, snarling, leering, at each other, resenting the confinement—eager for release.

Algernon, the dashing Algernon, yearning for the delights of his apartments, the steaming bath, the bracing pick-me-up, the aromatic coffee, the snow-white sheets, sees and smells it all, and is disgusted. This is a new world, a vile, beastly, horrible world, don't-cher-know. Everybody looks so beastly dirty, and bad tempered, and sick, don't-cher-know, and Algernon contrasts it with the world of last night, wondering if those headachy fellows over there were, like himself, disillusioned, sober and sorry. He reflects that he has read somewhere of folly clothed in purple and dwelling in king's houses, and wonders if the folly of kings ever had so inglorious an end.

What a place for a young man of polished manners, insinuating address, sparkling wit, and endless anecdote, whose society is courted, who everywhere receives the incense of praise, and the worship of women! Oh, to be free from this pestilence! But, see! a policeman has come down the iron stairs from the court, and, pad in hand, begins to call the names of those charged with the minor offences of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and vagrancy. Horrors! He hears the noble name of "Algernon," and leaps like a rocket from his seat to take his place in the forward moving file. Several have gone before him and he finds himself crowded on the top step of the stairs, a blaze of electric light beating down upon him, revealing, as he verily believes, all his inmost secrets, his hopes, his dreams, his pain. From this point of vantage he surveys the court. High on the bench sits the clean-shaven, white-haired, be-spectacled Magistrate Ellis, looking like Julius Caesar in the winter of life, and Algernon, in his stage fright, imagines austerity in the florid countenance, but is deceived; neither is there arrogance nor tyranny in the make-up of the man who decrees the fate of misdemeanants. Nevertheless Algernon trembles. So this lofty, well-lighted place is the Early Court, where everybody seems so glad to see you; where the

jovial Arthur Webb, court clerk, so often dispels the gloom of a prisoner's outlook with merry quip; where the warm-hearted Irish gentleman, George Melville, collects the fines and hands the victim a cheery word, or a line of poetry, with the receipt; where it is regarded as akin to insanity to plead "not guilty" to a charge of drunkenness; and where the magistrate always strives to deal out justice.

Oh, how poor Algernon's head doth ache! He feels that if he is kept standing on those stairs much longer, he must collapse, and drop thundering into the cells again. Fortunately, the line in the dock has shortened, and with a sigh of relief, Algernon sinks into a seat. A man, seedier than himself, is making excuses with a substratum of truth in them, and lookers-on are wondering how much the magistrate believes. The fellow is an old-timer, and as these are the days before the Ontario Temperance Act came into force and cut short the discussions between magistrate and prisoner, the debate is protracted. The bench is endeavoring to find out how many times the prisoner has fallen from grace, and the bibulous one, with equal exhaustiveness, is evading the point. Algernon, his head clearing, like the mists of early morning, muses upon the amount of intellectual effort expended on the controversy, and

concludes that if the prisoner would only drink his whiskey as intellectually as he picks his way through the labyrinth of argument, he might avoid these predicaments. Now the prisoner is passing him on the way down, muttering an opaque curse.

Less talkative is his successor, and Algernon sees that a simple, unadorned plea of guilty to the charge of drunkenness, is the shortest way home. The hint takes root, and Algernon, unconscious of what actually happened before his arrest, decides to follow suit. A moment later he hears his name, and steps as briskly as his stiffened joints will permit to the dock rail. Simultaneously a policeman, with a newspaper bundle under his arm, moves toward the witness box. Algernon wonders if this is the morning when constables bring their laundry to court and is thinking what a fine full-back the officer would make, when the magistrate asks him if he is guilty or not guilty of being drunk. Quite pleasantly Algernon pleads guilty and slips his hand into a vest pocket to see if his money is there. But what is that the constable is saying? It is as startling as a front-page newspaper story in red ink.

"Your Worship," the policeman says, as he undoes the strings on the parcel, "I had the time

of my life getting this man locked up. I found him at the top of a Hydro pole trying to blow out the light, and when I told him to come down, he kicked off my helmet. There were three others with him, and they linked hands round me and the pole. Then they began singing and dancing 'round and round the mulberry bush.' When the prisoner found he couldn't blow out the light, he suddenly dropped on top of me with his legs round my neck, his hands gripping my head, and he called me Mercury, said I had wings on my feet, and must give him a ride up Yonge Street. I got him off eventually, and then the three of them began a pulling match. In the scuffle I lost my whistle and the seat of my trousers. When help came, his friends ran away and it took three of us to hold this man."

During the recital, Algernon, scarcely believing his ears, tried to recall what had happened after leaving the rooms where the chorus girl had danced on the table, but his mind was blank. In a stammering tongue, he told the magistrate that he was sorry, very sorry. No doubt what the policeman said was quite true. What an awful night it must have been! Could he compensate the excellent and zealous police constable? He would buy him a new suit, and a solid silver whistle, and if any moral or intellectual damage

had been done, he would instruct his lawyers to treat the policeman with generosity. He hadn't the remotest idea, he assured the court, that he was so dynamic. Permit him to hand the outraged policeman his card. But the only penalty inflicted by the court, was the minimum fine for drunkenness, plus six dollars for a new pair of trousers. And Algernon, not having enough money, was permitted to sit in the well of the court while a message was sent to his friends.

In a rasping voice Jonathan excuses his tipple on the pertinent grounds that his wife is talking him into the grave, and he might as well take a marine trip there as go by overland route, and his story might have earned the sympathy of the court, had not a knowing inspector informed the magistrate that Jonathan's wife had been dead many years. And there's the husky-voiced Billy, rescued and converted a score of times in as many years, only to lose again his balancing pole as he tries to cross life's dangerous eddies on the tightrope of circumspection. Government House could be decorated throughout with Billy's promises to keep sober and there would be enough left to fill in Rosedale Ravine. The only thing more frail than Billy's promise is his desire to keep it. Some day he will see rats.

A cyclone of police evidence strikes the next

man, spins him round, sweeps him off his feet, turns him upside down and inside out, finally depositing him on the slide down which all vagrants go who play the sinister role of samaritan to drunken men who happen to have money in their possession.

A policeman with a fat chest and a sepulchral voice is prophesying that the muddle-headed, bleery-eyed man hanging on the dock rail is courting death, the wooing being done with innumerable, incessant, copious, everlasting, world-without-end draughts of beer, whereupon the magistrate stops the courtship with a heavy fine and long alternative.

Tottering to the witness box, the white-haired and wrinkled mother of the wastrel now facing the magistrate, bemoans the fact that she can no longer stand the drunken habits and brutal treatment of her boy, and asks the court to deal with the unfilial specimen. The magistrate, aware that mothers' aching hearts are often easily healed by promises of reformation, makes the fine so stiff that the son must needs serve a term in jail.

The next to receive his morning medicine is a wiry little man who explains that he drank beer in preference to chlorinated water. The thought of his diaphragm being turned into a cemetery for germs which had departed this life

was too appalling. Nevertheless the magistrate doesn't think that a plot of dead microbes in the prisoner's interior would have sent him chasing after women in short skirts, and cools the prisoner's ardor with a fine.

With a dictionary of the English language, containing colored plates, monotones, duograph charts and maps, revised and brought to its present state of perfection by the best and latest authorities on language, at his disposal [illegible] hard to understand why the man now toeing the line should have blown off a policeman's helmet with a blast of unprintable profanity, and the magistrate fines the human bellows.

A quaint little man steps forward and peers through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. His whole appearance being academic, the court betrays little surprise on learning that the professorial-looking prisoner had been anxious to upset the physiological theory that the capacity of the human stomach is three pints. However, on his promising to give up exploding theories, he is allowed to go.

The magistrate rarely overlooks interference with ladies as they pass drunken men. Since September the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and sixteen, cases of this sort have been infrequent. Before the days of Prohibition few sittings passed

without a number of inebriated gallants being punished for this sort of conduct. As married men were invariably the worst offenders in this respect, the publication of their perigrinations in evening newspapers must have made their home-coming intensely interesting.

There is a sickening sameness about the drinkers and fighters who come under the headings "Drunks" and "Disorderlies," and who are filing in and out of court. Drunkenness is disorderly conduct, but a man may be disorderly without being drunk, nevertheless ninety-nine and a half per cent. of the cases of disorderly conduct are directly attributable to drink. Strictly sober citizens rarely get into trouble on the streets. Nearly every street fight has its origin in one or more minds inflamed by drink. If one sober citizen accidently collides with another sober citizen, one or other doffs his hat, says "Beg pardon," and thus brings the interview to a pacific end. On the other hand, if the citizen bumped into happens to have had a drink or two, he at once imagines that someone is trying to interfere with his rightful possession of the entire sidewalk, and the trouble begins which automatically ends in the Police Court. When possible, the magistrate makes a slight distinction between the belligerents, the man who started the strife

coming off second best, but usually there is little to choose between them. It is not essential that a sober person should stop to argue with a bibulous one meandering along with a chip on his shoulder, and if he does so he must be ready to share the blame. Since Prohibition came into force, cases of this sort have been few and far between. Drink is undoubtedly an evil, and the world would be a better place if the manufacture of intoxicants were blotted out. On the other hand, the Ontario Temperance Act, thus far, has proved a mixed blessing. It has driven a lot of peroxide blondes to the extremity of earning an honest living; transformed drunken beasts into paragons of propriety; increased the number of "dope" fiends; opened men's eyes to the dangers of Scotch mist when they missed it; revealed the blemishes of heretofore "perfectly divine" chorus girls; shown a man that it is easier to redeem himself than his wife's diamond ring; caused many talkative wives to change the subject; damaged the trade in opera glasses for bald-headed men; made many church-goers realize that a dry sermon doesn't hurt nearly as much as a wet p.m.; checked thousands of men going to "waist"; done away with the nuisance who begged ten cents for a "meal"; revealed the alarming fact that highly respectable citizens know how to get

drunk; made consistent liars of men who sometimes spoke the truth; increased the Police Court revenue from fines; altered the design of certain pockets in male garments; started "jolly" evenings in homes, where, heretofore, wives wept in loneliness and dread till 11.30; made thousands of girls stand more kissing; closed numerous accounts at pay-as-you-can houses; trebled the number of stool pigeons; convinced thousands of men that sobriety doesn't mean death; provided lawyers with one more means of becoming rich; enabled distillers to get a bigger price for poorer whiskey; caused thousands of children to wonder who the new man was who had come to live with them; put fresh heart into grocers and higher prices on their goods; absolutely annihilated after-dinner oratory; caused men to see feet of vacant land instead of faces on the barroom floor; enabled landlords to sleep; spoilt the barkeep's chance of becoming a millionaire; enabled scores of men to go to church on Sunday morning without a headache; boosted the receipts of the movies; and almost wiped out street fights.

These facts are furnished without prejudice, and chiefly for the information of the Ontario Government, the Committee of One Hundred, the W.C.T.U. and the Bartenders' Union.

The Early Court is rich in woolly, bleating chaps who make a mess of getting drunk, bruisers

in embryo, anaemic decadents who live in pool rooms, buffoons who think it funny to break a Chinaman's window, confirmed and hereditary fabricators, men with the penny arcade vision, monomaniacs who regard a home as the best place in the world for a fight, chronic loafers who would rather die than work, and who are just smart enough to avoid doing either, sons of the dust, who, forgetful of the poor widows and orphans whose daily bread depends on their investments in railway stock, insist on stealing rides, men suspected of having lost their reason, and last, but not least, homeless men who wish to be taken care of for a season, and to whom the Salvation Army officer extends a friendly hand. Each case is dealt with on its merits, and Magistrate Ellis invariably exhibits a great deal of plain, practical, everyday common-sense, which is more to be desired than great riches, and infinitely better than academic law.

BURGLARS IN SESSION

At a certain time and place the Free and Independent Order of Burglars met to discuss the difficulties created by the ever-increasing suspicion of mankind. The president, hero of a hundred convictions, regretted the absence of the secretary-treasurer, which was due, he explained, to the officiousness of a young and ardent constable. The official's books, however, were in good order, and showed a balance in his pocket of three seventy-five. This amount would be placed to the credit of the Order as soon as the secretary-treasurer returned from Kingston.

Since the last meeting one of the brethren had been removed by death, accelerated, the president believed, by a revolver shot which would not have taken effect had the lamented brother moved a little quicker. Members would deduce from the untimely fate of the departed that a knowledge of mensuration was essential to their craft. Pedantry was not desirable, but a certain amount of scholarship was invaluable to the housebreaker, particularly when giving instructions for the

defence. He had known eminent K.C.'s to convict their clients by a poorly prepared case, although the same thing happened when the fees were not big enough. Education was a grand thing. The verb "to burgle" may not yet have found a place in the English grammar, which, he regretted, was rapidly falling into disuse in Police Courts and choirs and places where they sing, but as he had heard a university professor use the word "ain't" he felt hopeful. Before closing, the president returned to the subject of suspicion and distrust, and expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when all outside the Free and Independent Order of Burglars would regulate their movements on the hypothesis that all men were honest.

A brother with one eye, and whose abbreviated stature had earned him the affectionate nickname "Shorty," endorsed the president's remarks on education. He said that while his own education had been confined to the public school, he had not found his ignorance a serious handicap. When not enjoying the hospitality of the State, he had found his academic deficiencies interfere in no way with his intercourse with people generally regarded as "superior." Still, like many young men who entered the ministry after two years at a theological college, he sometimes wished he had had a better grounding.

A tall, thin brother, with a bald head and a mellifluous voice, said that the calling of the burglar was fast losing its vulgarity. The trade was now taken up by beef trusts, cold storage corporations, and war profiteers in general. The day would come when these gentlemen would join the Order.

An ancient and honorable member of the Order said he was more than pleased to see that members were taking an intelligent interest in the trend of the times. It appeared to him that an educational committee might be formed, with a view to disabusing the magisterial mind of the fallacy that there was any marked difference between a millionaire who squeezed the last copper out of helpless consumers of the necessaries of life and the plain Bill Sikes who cracked a crib and got away with a couple of gold watches. Up till now, however, police magistrates had shown a disposition to make a marked distinction. Laws that vindicated the profiteer and condemned the crude housebreaker, ought to be wiped off the statute book. Both were right, or both were wrong. Speaking as one of the oldest members of the Order, and as a consistent fighter for the principles of the Order, he believed in every man getting as much as he could for himself, if not by one method, then by another.

This was taken exception to by a very young

member of the Order. He said there wasn't sufficient dividing up of the spoils. On several occasions he had been out on a job, doing most of the work, only to find that his companion, a heavier man and a better fighter, had taken a lion's share of the plunder. Members of the Order ought to be loyal to one another. "Might is right" may be the creed of the Hun, but, thank God, they were not Germans.

The somewhat spiritual tone of the last speaker's remarks led the president to ask if he had recently been under the benign influence of the Salvation Army. Speaking for himself, he had never thought it necessary to thank anybody but his billy and his jimmy for anything. If the very young brother who had just sat down would study the methods of cold storage corporations he would find that every man's share was just what he could get. Let him read a small volume he had come across in his last crib, called "Advice to Young Lawyers."

After a free-for-all discussion on methods, it was moved, seconded, and carried unanimously that the sum of twenty-five dollars be donated to the "Women's Society for the Uplift of Humanity and the Continuance of Faith in Mankind." The meeting then adjourned, the heaviest member present being deputed to make the best terms he could with the caretaker of the premises.

ARE CRIMINALS INSANE?

The only art worth studying in life is that of taking nobody too seriously.

It must not be assumed that all people who appear in the dock of a Police Court are criminals, because 99 per cent. of those who are convicted of crime are nothing worse than fools. There may be abnormal creatures, with heads, hands, feet, ears, eyes and hair which conform to the scientific theories of learned criminologists like Lauvergne, Despine, Prosper, Lucas, Broca, Bruce, Thompson, Nickolson and Lombroso, but they are merely the exception which proves the rule that crime is a form of lunacy. Experience has upset almost every theory dealing with the individual who deliberately commits crime. Police officers of long experience find much satisfaction in writing articles for weekly newspapers (sometimes it is a book), in which they attempt to show how closely they have studied Bill Sikes & Co., and

how profound and valuable to science are their conclusions, but wherein they actually succeed in doing nothing more than display crass ignorance of humanity. Just as a foolish maiden dresses up the man she loves in all the raiment of human nobility, only to find after marriage that she has been worshipping a god who doesn't exist, so these specialists in crime weave all sorts of hypotheses, profound and hair-brained, about the figures of congenital defectives, until they can't see the lunatic for theories. I once handed a photograph, in three poses, to a well-known police specialist in criminology, and asked him to give me an opinion on the man. Some days later he informed me that the head presented pronounced anomalies, peculiar to the criminal, that the lower jaw, the eyes, the irregular ears, the teeth (what he could see of them), the wrinkles on the face, and the hair on the subject's head, all denoted atavistic nature, traits of the savage, morbid and epileptoid character—indeed, the whole appearance of the head and features indicated moral insensibility, callousness to the sufferings of others, instinctive cunning, hypocrisy and imprudence. On handing back the photographs he said he had worked very hard on the case, and I agreed that his labor must have been phenomenal to have made so exquisite a type of criminal out of the

picture of a man whose public and private life had been without blemish, and whose Christian virtues were widely known.

The investigation of criminals is as fascinating as the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and about as satisfactory. The physical and psychic characteristics of people who keep on committing crime may be found in men who, from the cradle to the grave, never do anything worse than play "snap" and say "B' gosh!" and yet we are asked by erudite professors of criminology to attribute burglary, horse thieving, pocket picking, highway robbery, and crimes against women to the angle of a man's nose and the shape of his feet. In the near future some very learned man will write a volume showing that all the sane people of the world are shut up in asylums, and that all the imbeciles are on the outside. And there is no doubt the work will be the year's best seller, and the corridors of criminal courts will be crowded with people eager to be committed as lunatics.

But to return to criminals. There is, according to the theories of criminologists, really only one safe, sure and infallible compendium of anthropological signs by which a criminal may be singled out from amongst his fellow-men. First of all study his boots, chiefly because his feet are at the bottom of his person, and it is necessary to

begin at the bottom of a ladder if you are ever to reach the top. The boots of a criminal will probably be size 6, 7, 8, 9, or perhaps 10, but never 11, the latter being worn exclusively by members of the police force. His legs may be perpendicular, angular, or bowed. Owners of the last-named rarely engage in the theft of pigs. His hands may be as plump as a soubrette's, as graceful as an artist's, or as picturesque as a porterhouse steak, and he will either swing them by his side or carry them in his pockets. While he keeps them in the last-named receptacles, gold watches, silk handkerchiefs and ladies' reticules are safe. The face of a criminal is a sure index of his character. The chin may resemble anything from an ice cream cone to the rear of an automobile. The nose assumes a bewildering variety of designs, ranging from the boar's snout to the pelican's bill. Then immediately above the nose, to right and left, are the criminal's eyes. These may shine with what poets call the light of heaven, or they may squint. If the former, the crook will probably be a trusted churchwarden; if they squint, the chances are that the man will be the waiter in a "13" club. To the right and left of the subject's head are his ears, which might resemble sea shells or an elephant's sails. If the former, their owner is surely a sneak-thief, with a penchant for

listening at keyholes; if the latter, he is undoubtedly a musician. Finally comes the study of the hair of the criminal. This might be dark, light, straight, or curled. If dark, it is safe to conclude that the criminal has his double in numberless movie melodramas; if light, he is undoubtedly of Anglo-Saxon origin; if straight, he probably preaches; if curled, he loves the opposite sex. Distinct from all these classes is the hair which is long, curled at the end, and falls over the neck linen. Its owner may be found in art circles, but rarely near a barber's shop.

I have gone to some pains to simplify the science of anthropology, and to give a lucid and concise summary of the data essential to the study of people in one or other of the many stages of lunacy. If I have succeeded in proving that altogether too much fuss is made over men and women whose heads are more or less cracked, and that the time and labor spent by mental alienists could be put to more profitable use in finding a means of getting cabbages to grow on gravel heaps and hens to lay eggs at twenty cents a dozen, then the labor has not been in vain.

SEEING THROUGH THE BOTTLE

CRYSTAL GAZING

I found him sitting in the corridors, counting his money. This tall, thoughtful-visaged man of sixty had long been a mystery. There was a hump on his back, which, twenty years ago, was called an intellectual stoop. But that was before he began to love the bottle. Then he appeared as a star in society's firmament. Now, as he leaned hungrily, nervously, over his dollars, he seemed but a shadow—the forerunner of that night which would end it all. In the old days he chose his company from the best the country had on its social bill of fare. To-day his only companion was the bottle.

"And that, too, is of my own choosing," he said, with an air of independence.

"Don't you grow tired of this continuous procession to and from jail?" I asked.

"I drink to forget it all," answered the old fellow.

"To forget the past, eh?"

"No! the present—not only of this year, but of each succeeding year—for twenty years, or more. I forget"

"Are things so very much out of joint?" I asked, imagining that his own downfall concerned him most.

Raising his bloated face suddenly from the money which still lay in his hand, he answered sharply and with great bitterness, "There's nothing in life to give a man peace of mind, even for an hour, nothing but the bottle. Whiskey turns grief into indifference, thorns into roses, and heaven into an accessible place."

"Sheer imagination, of course," I laughed.

"I should go mad if the world were always what it seems to be when I am not drinking. Tell me, friend, did you ever take an alcoholic bath—internally?"

"Never."

"Then you can't understand. When I'm drinking I see things as they ought to be. I see God in this frightful war. Ask the first dozen sober men you meet what their beliefs are doing for them. They will tell you that God's face seems turned from humanity's Calvary, that the

ravenous beasts of doubt are attacking their child-like faith of days gone by, that their feet are on the crumbling edge of a frightful precipice of skepticism, and that their eloquent preachers are fighting shy of the questions the man in the pew wants answered."

There was novelty in hearing a whiskey-soaked derelict speak so intensely about religion, but I remembered that once before I had known a man whose only conversation while drinking liquor was about churches, and canonical rites, and ecclesiastical precedence. A Grank Trunk freight engine crashed into him at a level crossing, and he lay for many months in a hospital. But the engine didn't kill him. The manslaughter was reserved for his bosom friend, the whiskey bottle.

"You are severe on the churches," I suggested.

"On ceremonial, superstition, mysticism, dogma, doctrine, platitudes, and tradition, yes. It is because men are expecting these things to tell them where God stands in this war that they are filled with doubt. Men are asking for bread and receiving stones. If I didn't clear my vision with drinks from a bottle, I, too, should think that God had deserted us. Whiskey helps me to forget the miserable mess we've made of everything."

"A regular eye-opener," I ventured.

"Don't mock me!" he snapped. "Men are

sneering at God because He has permitted this war—still more they are sneering at the preachers because they can only answer, 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' Let them condemn themselves also. They've pinned their faith to vestments of tradition and convention. The eternal verities have been lost in the hollow forms. Men have been told to go to church, instead of to God. I may be a drink-crazed human wreck, but I know that God is in this torrent of blood—and not in the cushioned pew, or the orthodoxy of three hundred years. It is not the mysteries of God that are shaking the foundations of men's beliefs so much as it is the enigmas of creed and sect."

His face seemed so changed while he spoke in this strain I could hardly believe that for twenty years he had been passing in and out of the dock. Strange that he should have so clear a vision of truths which are slowly making themselves plain to perplexed men!

"I'm a crank on this subject, but I'm right," he went on. "Men have been taught that the Being to whom they prayed was the God of the fatherless, the widow, the desolate, and the oppressed, and are now wondering why He does nothing to stop a war which is creating millions of widows and orphans, desolating countless

homes, and oppressing praying men and women. Do you know why they can't understand?"

I admitted that the answer seemed beyond human reach, but he seized my arm in his claw-like fingers, and with awful vehemence answered that men hadn't known any but the God of the dim, religious light, the echoing aisle, the velvet-voiced choristers, the sensuous ritual, the pulpit platitudes—that these things had been the mainstay of their religion, and so long as some symbol, image, or ritual aroused appropriate feelings they had believed all was well with the soul. "Men," he said, "measure God by the standards of their miserable conception of an earthly father. If those who talk about a Heavenly Father, and profess to know so much about Him, would set about making t[illegible] earthly father's lot a little more honorable and h[illegible]ored they might get a clearer vision of the Supreme Parent and move further away from the idea that a Father in heaven is an Ideal floating about in the ether of an impossibly far-off realm. Heaven is a fact on earth, here and now. We are rubbing shoulders with heroes and saints in our everyday life, and there's a little bit of the real heaven when two women who have lost their husbands in this war clasp hands in whole-hearted sympathy."

We talked for an hour—at least he talked and

I listened. Had I been a rural dean I might have given him an invitation to church, but I think I know where he would have sent me. His whole argument centered upon the point that what he called the "present-day religious system" was standing between men and their Maker, and that the questions which are keeping men out of church, because they are unanswered, will cease to perplex when men get back to the Christianity of nineteen hundred years ago. Unhesitatingly he put the soldier who shed his blood for his fellow-men first in his calendar of saints. He saw nothing grotesque in a man addicted to one besetting weakness for so many years concerning himself about religion. He probably realized that it was his better self who was speaking and allowed the other man to have his fling. Rising from his seat, he stretched, as men whose bones are steeped in alcohol stretch themselves, and put out his hand.

"It's done me good," he said simply. "I can't talk like that in the bar, and the good folks who might be interested in the subject take no interest in me. I'm going back to the only friend who makes me see life as it ought to be. In a few days—when the money is gone—I'll be back here again. The jail has lost all its terrors. The officials understand. They've looked into the depths

and have seen men as they are—not as they appear to be from lofty pulpits with brazen rests and cushions for the Bible. When I turn up they just shake hands and say, 'Well, John, how's the world outside?' and I always tell them it's not so rosy, because the bottle's empty. Don't waste time pitying me. The drunkard can be saved, even if the ministers don't come down to the Police Court to lend a hand. One of them used to come—J. D. Morrow—but I hear he's gone to the war. I wish I could go. But I'm too old to fight—even the bottle."

"What's your opinion of the Toronto Police Court?" I asked, by way of changing the subject.

"An ideal junction for connecting men of no account—like yours truly—with the jail, but the worst place in the world for first offenders."

"Do you suggest that justice is not meted out?"

"What is justice?"

"The quality of being just; rectitude in dealing with others; impartiality."

"A fine theory, but impossible to be put into practice."

"How would you suggest that a police magistrate should deal with habitual—habitual—"

"Drunkards like me? The present system, or absence of system, suits me exactly. Sometimes

I'm in; sometimes I'm out. Being in and out, drunk and sober, adds zest to a life that craves for ups and downs. Monotony would kill me. But others need treatment—patient, painstaking treatment—in which medicine and psychology play a part."

"Then you don't blame the magistrate for troubling so little with the individual victim of alcohol?"

"No; the State has given him a black hole, with instructions to 'Shovel 'em in,' and with the zeal of a good officer of the State, he shovels."

"What would you have the State provide in the matter of treatment?"

"Strong, broad-minded, sympathetic men should be attached to every Police Court—men who would study the inebriate and help him to fight his battle. But there's something better, a thousand times, than this."

"What is it?"

"Total, absolute, cast-iron, un-get-over-able prohibition, with the penalty for manufacturing or selling liquor in any shape, form or disguise, life imprisonment—second offence death."

I smiled, but he seemed so deadly in earnest, and there was so much sense in what he said, the smile soon died. I then suggested that if there were no liquor to drink he would be without that

clarified vision to which he had laid claim while under the spell of the bottle. He was silent for a moment, then stood up to go.

"Perhaps," he said, gripping my hand—"perhaps I was wrong in giving the bottle so much credit—perhaps the bottle isn't my best friend after all—but it's the only one I've left—good-bye!"

A LEGAL BLACK EYE

"An your highness were to hang me," said Hubert, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings."

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" said King John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"—Ivanhoe.

The Case: A accused B of having blackened A's eye; B denied the charge; the Crown put in A's testimony, which, however, was uncorroborated; counsel for the defence called no evidence, but addressed the court as follows:

"To begin with, your worship, we may assume that ever since the days of the first baboons there have been fights, blows exchanged, and black or vari-colored eyes given and taken by both man and monkey, but the great difficulty in all ages, especially since the Deluge, has been to find out, not who was hit, but rather who did the hitting. Now, your worship, the Crown must first prove beyond all doubt and peradventure, that the complainant is alive. The mere presence in this court of a body, or semblance thereof, bearing a name

and post office address, does not establish identity beyond all doubt and peradventure. Is the complainant, who is alleging, or who seems or appears to be alleging, that my client inflicted upon him a black eye, a person with whom this court can deal, or is he merely an illusory or visionary object, ephemeral, transitory? There may indeed have been a fight between this complainant and some other person, in which the complainant received his black eye, but it has not been proven that he is really alive. It may be that, while being merely ephemeral or spiritual now, he was living on earth just before the Deluge, and got the black eye for giving gratuitous advice to the men on the job as to the best way of loading the ark."

Here the Crown Attorney says "Nonsense," and the clerk of the court suggests to counsel that our courts in past times had frequently taken cognizance of fictitious persons, mere men of straw, like John Doe and Richard Coe.

"I submit I am talking sound sense, your worship," retorts counsel for the defence, "and I know enough about John Doe and Richard Coe to keep my opinions to myself. But, your worship, be my first point as it may, good or bad, assuming that the complainant is a man de factor, and that a certain maim, bruise, or swelling, a hurt without cutting the skin, exists, has my

learned friend proved beyond doubt and peradventure that the ictor orbus is not due to one or more of many possible causes? Is there probatio duplex? Surely, the Crown will not presume to claim that because one object is brought into violent, and, for all I know, sudden contact with another object, as suggested in this case, it must of a certainty, and beyond all doubt and peradventure, produce a maim, bruise or swelling; or that the existence of what is presumed to be, without any grounds for the presumption I submit, a maim, bruise or swelling, proves beyond all doubt and peradventure that one object has been brought into sudden and violent contact with another and so caused an effect which, logically and in common-sense, suggests certain conclusions, but which, as a matter of fact, settles nothing. Could not the hand which paints the wayside flower, design, without the finite agency of man, what is known in the vulgar tongue as a black eye? My learned friend has not proved beyond all doubt and peradventure that the fist of my client, which it has been claimed by the complainant produced what is presumed to be a maim, bruise, or swelling, actually did that which it is quite possible for nature to have done, of her own free will and design, and irrespective of a physical or spiritual collision—that is, taking it for granted that the

complainant actually exists, and is neither illusory, visionary, ephemeral, transitory or spiritual, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of this court. But that he does really exist I cannot admit since the Crown has put in no proof beyond doubt and peradventure. There may have been personation. I beg your worship to remember that 'perspicua vera non sunt probanda,' which, being interpreted, means plain truths need not be proved. But has the Crown shown it to be a plain truth, a fact, impregnable and indisputable, that the complainant is, beyond all doubt and peradventure, the person who received a blow, if blow there ever was, from the fist of my client? Nor has my learned friend, the Crown Attorney, proved beyond all doubt and peradventure that the prisoner was either mentally disposed to inflict injury upon the complainant, or physically fit to perform such a deed. Furthermore, the Crown has altogether failed to prove beyond all doubt and peradventure that the prisoner is the person he is supposed to be, and who in the name of goodness could be expected, as a matter of law, to know that he is the person? The mere fact that the complainant's eyes lead him to regard the prisoner as the person whose fist came into contact with his eye last night, proves nothing, or next to nothing. The eye is a deceptive organ,

and has been known to bear false witness, as in the case of Rex vs. Blinker, argued before the Lord Chief Justice of Kalamazoo, 999 B.C., the report of which is believed to be buried under one of the Pyramids. The eye, therefore, once convicted of perjury, cannot be regarded as a competent or desirable witness in a court of law, even supposing that so small a part of a man's anatomy can have any standing at all in court of law. See Rex vs. Deadeye. Besides, it is an old saying that 'the quickness of the hand deceives the eye'; therefore motion is quicker than sight. It appears then to me, your worship, that it is a clear case of 'Qui vult decipi decipiatur,' which, being interpreted, means 'Let him be deceived who wishes to be deceived.' The Crown has utterly failed to prove beyond all doubt and peradventure: (a) that the complainant is the person he represents himself to be; (b) that the unusual appearance of his eye is not due to natural causes; (c) that the prisoner is the person he is assumed to be by the complainant; (d) that forces, impelling and compelling, remote from the act of one man giving another a black eye, were not responsible for these two men being in this court to obtain a ruling on a clearly hypothetical, although colorable, case; (e) that there may have been conspiracy, collusion, to deceive this court, but that as no charge of

conspiracy or the like has been laid the present case fails."

The case for the defence did fail in a court where, beyond all doubt and peradventure, legal technicalities are as popular as the umbilicated vesicles of smallpox.

THE STAR CHAMBER

Once upon a time there was a very solemn place, high up in the sky, where they took little boys and girls who had been doing what was not right. It was placed near the clouds because its functions were supposed to be similar to those of ministering angels, and as I have already stated, it was a very solemn place. Some of the children said it was like a church, except that there was no organ, or pretty colored windows. So that when they were brought within its walls they uncovered their heads and walked on tip-toes, lest the slightest noise might awaken the spirits that seemed to be sleeping there. As might be expected, the children, who loved noise, and light, and merriment, were greatly awed when taken to this very solemn place, and never wanted to return.

Now, at the head of this solemn place there sat a very solemn man. He did not look old, but the children decided among themselves that he

must have been there for a thousand years. When he spoke to them they thought of the voices they heard in their dreams of far-off days when there were good fairies and bad fairies in the world. When he looked at them they felt that he could see right into their hearts, and knew exactly what they were thinking about, and what they had had for dinner, and what their fathers and mothers had had for dinner, and where their great grandfathers were buried, and how many worms there were in the cemetery, and what was inside of the mountains in the moon. Some of them thought he must be God, but as one of them had sold him a newspaper on his way home, they reasoned that this could not be so, because God would not have to buy a newspaper to learn what was going on in the world.

And seated with this very solemn man, in this very solemn place, were other solemn people, solemnly intent upon doing the bidding of their chief. His ear was constantly turned to them. When he wished to learn more about the conduct of any of the children he would send them out to enquire, and they would return with voluminous and exhaustive reports, until, in time, the archives of that very solemn place contained mountains of information about tens of thousands of boys and

girls who had erred and gone astray, and pyramids of facts concerning their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and aunts and cousins and grandfathers and grandmothers and great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. The children used to say among themselves that if all these facts were placed in line they would stretch back to the time when the world was dark, void, and covered with water, but they chuckled merrily when they considered that however much these very solemn investigators might learn about the past, they hadn't the slightest idea what children were likely to do on the morrow.

Now, whenever these very solemn people met to determine the punishment of wicked boys and girls, the doors of this very solemn place were always locked, bolted and barred. The children on the outside used to sit huddled together, imagining all sorts of things that might be happening within. Some would whisper that there was a bottomless pit inside [illegible] which bad boys and girls were dropped [illegible] end of a rope attached to their big toe, and [illegible] hey were kept dangling there until they promised to be good. Once they heard the cries of a child come through the keyhole, and a little white-faced chap who may one day be a great author said he guessed some of the solemn people were writing the warning of their

chief on the back of an offender with a red-hot needle. This appealed so much to the whisperers that with one accord they declared they could smell the burning flesh. On another occasion a venturesome little girl looked through the key-hole and thought she saw two great ogres choking the father and mother of a bad little boy until they promised in very weak voices to see that he never stole again.

Of course the children only imagined these things. There was nothing of the sort going on inside, but how were they, or anybody else, to know what was being done, so long as the doors were barred? On one or two occasions a man who writes things so that the people might know what is going on in the world had managed to enter this very solemn place, but as soon as his presence was made known he was driven out as if he had been a boy who had stolen his way into a circus. Was it any wonder, then, that little people, and big people, imagined that strange things were being done in that very solemn place; and that they thought it would be much nicer if a few windows were placed in the walls, and a ladder or two erected, so that those who had a right to know might climb up and peep inside?

But nothing like that ever happened, and for years and years and years the very solemn chief,

and his very solemn servants, gathered in that very solemn place, and asked the boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers, and their sisters and brothers, and their aunts and cousins, and their grandfathers and grandmothers, hundreds of millions of questions, and wrote down billions of facts about the family trees, until one day the very solemn place was packed so tightly with facts that the walls burst, and the wind swooped down upon the records and swirled them off into all parts of the world, and the light of day flooded the place that had been dark for so long, and that was the end of the darkness and mystery of that very solemn place.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN

Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad!
Oh, the sadness of their sadness when they're sad!
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
Are nothing to the badness of their badness when they're bad.

It is late in the day to attempt to excel what has already been written ten thousand times about the virtues and graces of woman. Multitudes of writers have pictured her as the embodiment of virtue, the mirror wherein are reflected the graces of humanity, the golden calf which all men must worship. She has been likened unto the coy violet which discloses its retreat rather by its fragrance than by its color, and unto the rose which gladdens the world's garden with its unsurpassing beauty. Poets have raved over her good sense and prudence, her well-stored understanding, her sobriety of manners, her sterling

piety, and all the virtues likely to last through life, with foliage ever verdant, fruit ever abundant. So wise a man as Solomon waxed eloquent when describing a virtuous woman, saying, "Her price is far above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust her, so that he will have no need of spoil; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life; she layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands to the distaff; she stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy; her husband is known in the gates, where he sitteth among the elders of the land; strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her; many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Surely we must accept as unimpeachable authority the testimony of a man who had six hundred wives, although it is not made plain whether the woman Solomon thus described was identical with the gallant six hundred, or was merely the coveted wife of someone else. Such women may have been common enough in King Solomon's

time, and, thank God, they are not uncommon today, but it is with their opposites, the ladies who frequent the Women's Court, that we are going to deal at the present time, petticoated birds of paradise—and prey—peroxide blondes who chew gum while their lawyers dwell on their virtues, females with cream puff intellects and ice cream hearts; maidens, young and otherwise, who drink succulent highballs, dance the graceful "Yakah hoola, hickey doolah," and whom Hamlet may have had in his mind's eye when he exclaimed, "O frailty, thy name is woman!"—and deeply fallen women whose drink-soddened minds and diseased bodies are a continual menace to society. Day after day the magistrate hears recitals of flagrant lewdness from the lips of plainclothes constables which would make our aboriginal ancestors blush, but which apparently do little more than furnish texts for lady scribes who flutter into court occasionally to write a scenario around the diseased figure of a fallen angel, somewhat after this fashion:

> "There sat the police magistrate, stern and unbending. Near him stood the tall, handsome Crown Attorney, looking like an avenging angel. Great policemen, muscular and pompous, crowded about the table

where the lawyers sat, ready to take the stand against the prisoner. In the midst of it all sat little white-faced Rosie, frail, erring, nervous, and wearing last season's hat, its gaiety all gone, covering a wealth of jet-black hair. She looked so tiny, so humble, beside those majestic officers of the law, and her poor little heart throbbed violently within her breast, like an imprisoned bird beating its wings against the cage, whenever the stern voice of the accusing constable was heard above the muffled hum of voices. But hark! the magistrate, in whose hands is the power to save or to destroy, is speaking, telling poor little Rosie that she must go to prison. Timidly she raises her heavily rimmed eyes and looks to right and left for a compassionate glance. A sweet-faced Salvation Army woman nearby interprets that yearning look and is quickly at Rosie's side, laying a gentle, comforting hand upon the girl's trembling shoulders, whispering words of cheer into her shell-like ear, and bidding her be of good courage. Poor little Rosie understands now, and tearfully submits to be led away by a policewoman to the awful dungeon."

Very pathetic, no doubt, and entertaining reading for people who wallow in maudlin sentimentality, but quite misleading. As a matter of fact, Rosie's white face was the result of the life she was leading, and the police had produced evidence to show that the girl's health was a daily menace to society. As far as her timid looks and appealing glances were concerned, they merely signified that "poor little Rosie" was an arch hypocrite, who, twice before, had been committed for similar conduct. I remember the case. On reaching the cells "poor little white-faced Rosie-posie" flew into an ungovernable tantrum, tried to kick the cage down, and made the whole place loathsome with her vile language.

DRESSED CHICKEN

Similar characters were Liz. and Min. They were sisters, notoriously evil, and habitual frequenters of the Police Court. These girls had no rivals. They seemed to enjoy their degradation and never missed an opportunity to lure another into their web of vice. Both were hard drinkers, and fought with demoniacal fierceness

when taken by the police. As the years rolled on, their crimes increased in seriousness, until Liz. was eventually sentenced to serve three years in Kingston Penitentiary, where, devoured by disease, she died. Her last crime was as repulsive as it was heartless. Incarcerated at a local reformatory at the time, she one day seized an opportunity to thrust the poisoned points of a pair of scissors into the cheek of an attendant, hoping, as she afterwards admitted, to infect her victim's blood with the poison from which she herself was slowly dying. On leaving the dock to commence her term, the she-devil turned to the wounded attendant, and with ghoulish bitterness, her hands resting on her hips, her arms akimbo, her lip curled, she shrieked, "That'll hold you for a while old girl."

Fortunately, the petticoated fiend was frustrated in her diabolical plans by timely medical aid.

Minnie ceased coming to court the year after Liz.'s death, and it may be presumed that she joined her dear sister on "the bea-u-ti-ful shore."

Since the Ontario Temperance Act came into force, the number of women charged with drunkenness has greatly decreased. Women continue to drink, but they stay indoors. In the old days

debauchery filled a prison van with women tipplers every day. Most of them only drank; others, led involved, as well as drunken lives. The drunkard is not necessarily vicious, but vicious people, whether men or women, invariably indulge in drink. One proof of this is the number of loose women who have taken up honest work since it became illegal to have liquor in houses where there are more than three lodgers.

Many of these chronic inebriates became "characters," that is to say, their appearance in the dock was always the signal for a scene. As the years sped on, their attempts at familiarity with "the Colonel" became pathetic. Biddy, a mammoth type of Irish woman, would keep the court in a roar with her jibes at the police, for whom she ever exhibited magnificent contempt, and her wit was quite remarkable.

"You're coming altogether too often," remarked the magistrate on one occasion.

"Ah, now, your-r-r wor-r-ship," replied Biddy with her well-known blandishments, "shure an' its your-r-r good lookin' self that I came to see."

"That's all very well, but I'm getting tired of you."

"Do my ear-rs desave me, or is that Colonel Dinnison sayin' the fur-rst ungallant thing he's iver sed to a lady?"

"I let you go only last week and here you are again."

"Shure! Here I am again. That's phat the clown sez whin he tumbles into the ring at the cir-r-cus, an' shure its just loike tumblin into a ring whin two raw young spalpeen b'roys to bring me to the station. I laid out one av him last noight an' stood me round while the other felly tel'phoned the polace. Ah! there's me frend Mr. Corley, over there, lookin' loike a good natured praste. They till me he kissed the Pope's toe whin he wuz over in Rome la' summer—him a Protestant that walks in the wilfts av Ju-ly."

"Now, look here, Buddy, this is your last chance. If you come before me again for drunkenness, I shall send you down without a line."

"The saints be praised for that Christian spache. The only diff'rence betwe'n me an' Lady O'Flaherty is in Rosedale, is that I have no powdered flunky to carry me up to bed whin I'm drunk. Good-night, your wor-r-ship."

"Good-by!"

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN

KLEPTOMANIA (LOVELY WOMAN)

Women shoplifters are all too frequent visitors to this court. It is not the fault of the departmental store detectives. Invariably they exercise extraordinary patience with women caught in the act of stealing. Tears are shed by the surprised offender, a heart-moving story is told, the goods are returned, and the culprit is allowed to depart with a warning. But this generous spirit is frequently abused, and the thief is brought to justice. Invariably this means a night in the cell, an experience at once terrifying and humiliating to a woman who is perhaps the wife of a respectable man and the mother of children. Sometimes the prisoner refuses to furnish the police with her name and address, which means that a distracted husband, or father, or brother—perhaps all three, will be scouring the streets and visiting police stations all night long for the woman expected home for supper. When the searchers finally locate the unhappy creature, it is probably too late to arrange for her release on bail, and the rest of the night is

spent in tears. At ten o'clock next morning, red-eyed and untidy, the woman is taken into court, where she meets husband, father, brother, sometimes grown-up son. The flood gates of penitence burst open and the sobbing woman drops her head upon a willing shoulder, and there cries without restraint until her name is called. Like a knife it stabs her in the heart. Turning swiftly round, she looks into strange faces—the magistrate, the Crown Attorney, the court clerk, the lawyers for the defence in a score of other cases, and she staggers into a chair pushed forward by a thoughtful officer. Several members of her own sex are there, women representing institutions whose aim it is to rescue the fallen, to advise the erring, and the kindly police matron, and the city's two police women. She hears the charge of stealing dress goods, or jewellery, or underwear, and casting a shamed glance in the direction of her loved ones, she whispers "guilty." The fateful word enters like poison into her husband's soul, and full well does she realize the pain her confession inflicts upon the man she had sworn 'neath bridal wreath to love and honor till death. In a flash she sees the awful magnitude of her deed, the blanched and frightened faces of her children rise up to reproach the woman they call "mother," the horrors of a prison cell

torment her brain—she closes her eyes as if to shut out the sight, the court grows hot and stifling, her tongue cleaves to her roof, the swirling eddies of the whirlpool draw her downward, then, with a piercing scream, she falls to the floor. A score of arms bear her from the court to where there is fresh air, and some minutes later, her senses returned, she feels the friendly touch of her husband's hands, and hears him repeating, over and over again, the joyful news that her case has been remanded till called on—that she is free to return home, and warned to sin no more.

Lucky woman! a discerning magistrate had noted the scene and accurately measured the mental anguish suffered by the prisoner, the stolen goods had been recovered and the penitence seemed real. Probably the ends of justice had been served.

Contrast this woman with the brazen queen of a house of Magdalenes, who appears before the magistrate smelling of perfume and mint juleps, and the half-dozen over-dressed ladies-in-waiting at her heels. They turn bold and painted faces to the magistrate. Not yet has the social vice destroyed youth, but, like worms at the root of a flower, it is slowly, but surely, consuming strength and shortening life. A few more years

shall roll, then the eye will lose its lustre, the hands their steadiness, the memory its strength, and the spirit its buoyancy. To-day the footlights twinkle, the music has a merry sound; to-morrow the curtain is rung down, the lights are out, the music has ceased, and the gayest of the world's players lies in a dingy room—awaiting death.

But to-day the women—mere girls many of them—laugh and talk gaily with the profligate rakes who sit near them. For some obscure reason these offenders, male and female, are given trial in private; their crime is sheltered, while the unfortunate man whose reason has fled, is forced to stand in the dock, exposed to the glare and curiosity of an open court, and to the laughter his strange conduct and speech might produce. Some day this injustice may cease.

Nauseating stories of idleness, dissipation and general depravity are told with unrestrained frankness by the police, and heard by several well-dressed women supposed to be engaged in reform work. In the interests of justice, all must be told. Here, as in the other court, the magistrate is swift to reach the right conclusion, unerring in determining the sentence. One by one the daughters of the night and the sons of early morning, go down like ninepins, some to jail, others to costly liberty.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN

Women! when I see thee meek, and kind, and
tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

Keats never visited t[illegible]oronto Police Court.

TEMPERAMENT

A DETECTIVE STORY

(To be taken with salt.)

The Detective Department of the Toronto Police Force is in charge of Inspector Kennedy, and gathered about him is a body of keen, painstaking men. It is a rare thing to hear of ex-prisoners being dogged, but stories of erring men helped to their feet by detectives are common. The detective's duty, at its best, is filled with unpleasant incident, and the experiences and exploits of old-timers would fill many volumes, but in a book of this size, with white paper at a premium, the magnificent pulpwood resources of Canada still undeveloped, and so much lumber being used for mission churches in the west, only fragmentary glimpses of the internal, external, and infernal affairs of the police system can be given.

Ah! but you can always hear a good story from a detective. All you need is an attentive ear and the faith of a little child. This one is about a royal prince, who, during a bit of a

rumpus in a certain part of Europe, lost his job, but saved his head. Later, His Royal Highness turned up in Toronto, under the impression that the will of heaven that had placed a crown within his reach, would, in this new emergency, give him muscle to dig a drain, and brains to build a railroad. His princely tastes having eaten up the money saved from the wreckage at home, he set out to look for work. No longer able to pace the galleries of a palace, abounding in pictures from Rome and Florence, and to rest his royal person on a gilded bed, he was forced to lay his regal coco on a cotton pillow, and to stare vacantly at the artistic glories of a five-cent wallpaper.

In his lodgings he was known as "Mr. Jones," a gentleman of decayed fortune. His fellow-lodgers included a newspaper reporter, an adventuress, masquerading as an authoress in search of inspiration, and a private detective with an appetite for dirty work. The latter, after the manner of his kind, eyed the dignified blue-blood with suspicion; the adventuress was charmed with the prince's courtly manners, and the newspaper reporter scented a story. Weeks passed by without the mysterious Mr. Jones finding anything to do. The reporter, with an eye upon the mysterious lodger's straight spine and

well-rounded calves, drew his attention to vacancies for footmen and waiters, and the adventuress suggested floor-walking in a departmental store. Spurning these hints, Mr. Jones was at length driven to pawn a unique pendant, a gift from a princess, which, in a confiding moment, he had shown to the adventuress. Now, the private detective happened to see Mr. Jones enter the pawn shop. Private detectives are such very wide-awake chaps. Knowing the pawnbroker, he dropped inside and had a look at the pendant, then reported the matter to the police. The mysterious Mr. Jones was invited to detective headquarters, but after a talk with the inspector, was allowed to go. No sooner had he bobbed out, than the reporter bobbed in to see if there was "anything doing?" While there the wicked adventuress entered and reported that a pendant, tallying with the one pawned by Mr. Jones, had been stolen from her bedroom. The reporter suspected the woman of treachery and hurried off to warn His Royal Highness Jones. Before he found him, however, the prince was in the toils on a charge of theft. Wonderful! Fancy the police beating a newspaperman to it. Well, as Mr. Jones was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was sentenced to three months in jail.

Imagine, if you can, a royal prince pacing up and down a common cell. One word from his

lips and the whole world would be rocking with excitement. As a newspaper sob artist would say, "throughout . . epless nights pictures of his departed glory r . . through his fevered brain." Ha! ha!

Now for the melodrama. The reporter, convinced of his fellow-lodger's innocence, visited him.

"Tell me who you are. I may rescue you from this vile place," pleaded the scribe, following the prince up and down the cell.

The regal jail bird smiled gratefully, but remained silent.

"You are not Mr. Jones, but some great man whose lips are sealed with pride."

Just like a reporter to take a long shot and score a bull's-eye.

As Cornelia would say, the prince, drawing himself up to his full height, gazed, with narrowed eyes, for a moment at his questioner, then, in a voice broken into splinters, replied, "Alas! what you say is too true. I am not Mr. Jones. I am a royal prince, an exile, a beggar, a—a—thief. O God! that it should have come to this." (This is where the fiddles get in their fine work.)

Recovering quickly from the effects of this staggering revelation, the reporter slapped the prince on the back, told him to buck up, and predicted his release with joyful swiftness. Leav-

ing the jail, he notified the police and demanded the arrest of the adventuress. The latter, now possessed of the coveted pendant, and knowing a thing or two, had made her escape. Busy little bee.

The story of the prince's imprisonment was taken up by the press, and under three-column heads, the public got lots of excitement. In a day or two the purple-blooded victim of feminine cunning, was released, but not before he was deluged with letters. Society, forgetting its vaunted democracy, experienced real pain at the thought of a royal prince sleeping on a plank and mopping his own cell. Wealthy spinsters sent offers of marriage; company promoters offered His Royal Highness immense sums to sit as a dummy on their directorates; rich women, with marriageable daughters, invited him to their homes; theatrical managers offered him fabulous salaries to appear nightly in monologue, and film corporations promised dazzling figures if the jobless prince would allow their scenario writers to put his royal person into a plot.

In the midst of the excitement, the prince disappeared. The newspapers teemed with rumors. One declared that highwaymen had carried him off for ransom; another that he had committed suicide, rather than mix with colonial aristocracy;

a third that he had married a rich and ugly spinster, and had been spirited away to her home in the Rocky Mountains, while a fourth, "on the most reliable authority," announced that the missing blood had been seen eating a sandwich in a York Street restaurant.

All reports were wrong. The liberated prince, after wandering aimlessly about the streets of Toronto for a day or two, suddenly confronted the private detective. The latter made a grab, but got knocked down for his trouble. Instantly a hue-and-cry was raised. A chase began, growing in excitement as the crowd increased. Up one street, down another, the prince tried to evade capture, tumbling over obstacles, climbing flights of stairs, dropping down fire-escapes, walking along roof-tops, until, under cover of darkness, bruised and tattered, he made his way out to Port Credit, where, with proper regard for dramatic effect, he fell by the wayside. At sunrise (fiddles, please) he was picked up by the only farmer whose place didn't carry a mortgage. And, of course, he fell sick. And, of course, he was nursed back to health by the kind farmer's pretty daughter. And, of course, they fell in love.

But that's not the end. During the prince's convalescence, and while he was picking burrs off his legs, one fine afternoon, he was recognized

by a lady who had met him in Europe, and whose car had met with a puncture. Without letting the farmer know too much, the lady made arrangements for the prince's departure.

Farewell to Port Credit!

The scene now shifted to New York. Society flocked to the luxurious home of Mrs. X., Fifth Avenue, and the prince, now lionized, became the target for match-making mothers. One beautiful woman excelled all rivals in her wiles to captivate the prince, and seeking to force him into marriage, lured him into the conservatory, where, amid sheltering palms, she thrust herself upon him. Naughty thing! But His Royal Highness told her there was nothing doing. His heart was in Port Credit.

Wrenching himself away, he returned to mingle with the guests, when, lo and behold, whom should he meet but the wicked adventuress, wearing the famous pendant. A scene ensued that would have delighted the heart of the movie fans. The crowd stopped crowding, and the prince, sizzling with fury, seized the adventuress in a most impolite manner, called her a bad name, tugged the pendant from her throat, then telephoned for the police. The station-duty man, then engaged in swapping stories with a reporter who wore a suit he could never have bought on his salary, unhooked the receiver, made a lot of

grimaces at it, then dropped his fat hand on a desk bell. Immediately ten policemen tumbled into the office, got their orders, tumbled into a patrol wagon, and eventually tumbled into the Fifth Avenue home of Mrs. X. Then they all tumbled on top of the wicked adventuress, and that takes her out of the story.

Now, we return to Port Credit.

After the fuss with the adventuress was all over, the prince threw a few duds into a grip and bade farewell to society. Returning to Canada, His Royal Highness made straight for Port Credit, where he found the farmer's lovely daughter milking a cow. When she spotted him, she got so rattled that she hurt the cow. Bossy got mad, kicked over the pail, and then mooched away. Seeing the girl's plight, the prince dropped his grip, vaulted a snake fence, galloped across the meadow, flung his arms round the neck of the cow and held it tight till the girl drew near. In a swooning transport, the girl fell over the cow. A moment later the prince removed his royal arms from the neck of the cow and put them round the farmer's lovely daughter. With a shuddering sigh, she turned her lips to his, whereupon the respectable cow turned away.

What's your hurry? Did you ever hear of the time I arrested—.

Good night! Got to go.

MORTGAGES vs. BOYS

He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in—to please his boy.

Home life—of the wrong character, is largely responsible for the increasing number of mere boys who fall into the hands of the police, and until men and women realize the importance of their responsibilities as parents, the stream of juvenile delinquents into our criminal courts must continue to flow, and swell, as years go on. It would be safe to attribute ninety-eight per cent. of juvenile delinquency to the absence of discipline in the home. The average 20th century father hasn't the slightest idea that he is invested with authority over his children, and that when he neglects to exercise that authority, he is guilty of trampling under-foot the institutions of heaven, and it invariably happens that the first glimpse he receives of the miserable effects of his

ignorance, is when he comes into a Police Court to whine for magisterial leniency toward the boy he has helped to ruin. I have often wished that the magistrate had power to free the erring son and to order the father to take his place in the dock. A few examples of this method of opening a parent's eyes to his responsibilities might have a wholesome effect. We can feel nothing but pity for the boy whose negligent parents are responsible for his defiance of the statutes of the land; nothing but contempt for men and women who institute no form of government in their homes. If a child is reared in a home where there is no law, he glides naturally into the fallacious belief that whatever laws there may be in the outside world, they can be defied with impunity. A father should be a sovereign, though not an oppressor. His will should be law—his to command, to restrain, to punish. Confusion and domestic anarchy exist wherever the father fails to rule. In families where there is some pretence at discipline, the trouble is that the discipline is unsteady and capricious; at one time there is tyranny, at another a total suspension of law. The children are at one time trembling like slaves, at others revolting like rebels.

The disposition of the rising generation is to defy authority, and the fault is almost entirely

due to the absence of wise, stern, consistent discipline in the home. If a boy is to develop into a man ready to serve his country, or his neighbor, he must be disciplined in his home. If his rebellious spirit can't be tamed by an appeal to reason, he must be punished. The boy must be made to feel that there is an authority greater than his own, and that at his age he is incapable of regulating or governing his own life. The discipline need not be brutal. The lesson, however, must be forced home. If, in the home, the boy is taught to submit to law and order, there is little fear that in later years he will defy the laws of the land.

The troublesome boy—invariably the one who, if properly handled, would develop into the best type of man, first makes his appearance in court under the Truancy Act, and it is nauseating to hear his parents protest that they have done everything that is possible to keep the child at school. Big, able-bodied men and women admitting defeat at the hands of a shrimp of ten or eleven years! Sometimes the absence of parental control is due to the fact that both father and mother go out to work, leaving the boy to please himself about going to school. Behind this seeming industry, and striving after money, there usually lurks the canker worm, all too common

in a country where ambition to own a few feet of land and a pile of bricks and mortar, has developed into a disease. In such cases it will no doubt be a great comfort to parents to point to a house and lot, bought and paid for, at the expense of their boy's career. About the only advantage the possession of property in such a case can have, is that when the boy eventually falls into the hands of the police, his father, being a property owner, will be in a position to furnish bail acceptable to the Crown.

Courts of law may punish a youth, but they utterly fail to reform character. The seeds of a disorderly attitude toward society are sown in the home. If a parent finds it impossible to train the child, the State also will fail to do more than whip the young law-breaker into temporary subjection. When the State finds a means of compelling parents to take as much interest in their boy as they do in the task of paying off the mortgage on some ramshackle product of a speculative builder's ambition, the first real step toward checking juvenile delinquency will have been taken. The father who fails to keep a check-rein on his son, is an enemy of the State, because he is allowing unrestricted development of all those human traits which mark the road to crime, and the State should punish him just

as surely as it punishes the anarchist who menaces society with his crazy theories of individual liberty. Punish the negligent parents and guardians, and so keep the boy from ever smelling the vile, crime-polluted atmosphere of a Police Court. It is poison. Once a lad of sixteen has breathed the same air as bloated rakes, brothel pimps, confirmed criminals, and diseased harlots, he can never again be the same. The Salvation Army band may blow itself hoarse over him, and ministers may pray till their knees ache, but they can never remove from that lad the taint he receives during even one hour spent in the Police Court cells. Like the social disease, it is eradicable.

"HOW I WON A MERIT MARK"

(As told by a Plainclothesman.)

"BELIEVE ME"

"For three months the entire police force had spent sleepless nights, and nerve-shattering days, in vain endeavor to run down the murderer of Tin Pan Suey, a Chinaman, reputed to be worth a couple of millions. The Detective Department was on the verge of nervous collapse, and you couldn't get a word out of the chief. Thousands of people were laughing up their sleeves at what they called the clumsiness of the police in letting the murderer escape, and never a day passed without one or other of the newspapers throwing out a sneer at the force. The jibes, which got worse and worse, usually ran like this:

" 'Is there a man Higher Up behind the murder?'—Globe.

"HOW I WON A MERIT MARK"

"'Was the wealthy Chinaman like some folk's cheques, of "no account"?'—Telegram.

"'The police have found a toothpick in the dead man's room, which may prove to be an important clue.'—Star.

"'The astral body of the dead Chinaman is said to have been closely closeted with the head of the Detective Department. Sensational developments are expected.'—Mail and Empire.

"'The latest theory is that Tin Pan Suey murdered himself and is now serving meals in a York Street restaurant.'—World.

"'Unless the police soon locate the murderer of Tin Pan Suey, diplomatic relations between Great Britain and China may be strained to breaking point. Have the police searched all titles at the Parliament Buildings?'—News.

"'If the city police were not so confoundly proud, they would enlist the services of County Constable Simpson.'—Saturday Night.

"It was the talk of the town, and naturally the men didn't like it. I might say that Tin Pan Suey was done to death in a horrible manner. It was quite clear that whoever the murderer was, he knew how to butcher. Well, as you might suppose, we all had our theories, and every one of us worked on the case for all we were worth. What people were saying didn't hurt very much

because there was nothing said in our hearing, but we couldn't stand the nasty jabs in the newspapers. Those were the days, I tell you, when a reporter could die of starvation before the police would give him anything. Oh, it was good and nasty while it lasted.

"Well, to get on with the tale, I was taking an evening stroll down York Street—it happened to be my day off—when the funniest looking Chinaman you ever saw, and I believe the biggest, came staggering along with a bundle under his arm. I pretty near knew every Chink in the city, but this one was quite a stranger. I had just said good night to a friend of mine, when he passed and I turned to look at him. I don't know what possessed me to bother, because it was my day off, but a policeman is really never off duty. When I took the second look, the big Chink had gone—you'd think he had gone up in a chariot—not a trace of him left. In fact, I did think p'raps that was what happened to him, because several people were looking up at the sky. Naturally I turned back, and began rubbering like the rest. A fellow next to me asked if I'd seen it. I said 'Seen what?' He said, 'The big white duck that just flew over the housetops.' I was just asking him who he thought he was kidding, when there was a roar of laughter came out of the window of a room over a

Chinaman's grocery. You don't often hear Chinks laugh as those fellows laughed, and I wondered what had happened. I moved away from the crowd and took a stand further up the street, keeping my eye on the window where the laugh came from. Then there was another roar, and another, and another. I thought it was about time I did a little investigating, even if it was my day off, so over I goes to the grocery. Chop Tai Tai Pee Weep was inside, and I strolled in as if there was nothing particular on my mind. We knew each other. I'd had him fined several times for keeping a gambling joint and smoking opium. 'Well, how goes it, Choppy?' said I. He never talked much, but this night I couldn't get a word out of him. I fancied he seemed a bit anxious after I went in, so I thought I'd stick around for a while. Well, sir, that Chink did everything he could think of to get me to go. The sweat was oozing out of his yellow skin, and I wondered the folks outside weren't dropping on the sidewalks.

"Well, in about five minutes, I made a move as if to go—just a bluff, you'll understand, and the Chinaman was watching me like a panther before it springs. I didn't like the look in his eye, so I moved a few feet nearer the passage that led to the street, also the stairs that went up to

the room where the laughing had been. I might say, the merriment upstairs was still going on, although the laughing wasn't quite so loud. By this time I guessed Mr. Chink wanted me out because a game of Fan-Tan was in progress, and he was looking for a chance to give the sign. There was a buzzer at the back of the counter, but he knew I had had my eye on it and hadn't touched it. There we were, each eyeing the other for the next move, and me slowly working my way to the door near the stairs.

"Say, did you ever have a feeling in your bones that some ungodly thing was happening not far away, and that somebody was trying to call for help? Well, that's the feeling that seized yours truly, and it no sooner struck me than I'd made up my mind what to do. Springing forward, before he had time to touch the alarm, I felled Choppy woppy as flat as a buckwheat cake, then shut the front door as quietly as I could—shut and locked it.

"I wasn't armed, it being my day off, but this didn't bother me. I figured that the worst that was going on upstairs was a game of some sort, and when the Chinks saw me there'd be nothing worse than a rough-and-tumble. Bounding upstairs, as quietly as I could, I burst into the room and there met the queerest sight I ever saw.

Standing at the far end of the table was the great big Chinaman I had seen on the street, and who had disappeared so mysteriously, grouped about the room were fifty Chinamen, and sitting on the table, half in and half out of the bundle I had seen the giant carrying, was the smallest, ugliest Chink you ever saw in your life. Only the upper half of him was showing—the rest being tucked away in the bundle. Evidently he had been telling the bunch a story, and it was this that had caused all the laughter.

"As might be expected, my sudden appearance caused a bit of excitement, but Chinamen are quick thinkers, and when they realized that there was nothing on the table to suggest gambling, and no sign of pipes, or smell of opium, they just took it quietly—in fact two or three of them bade me good night. I kept my eye on the big Chink. He looked nervous. So did the weazened little monstrosity in the bundle. Turning to the man who had carried him up York Street, the midget gabbled something.

"I recognized two words. It was enough. I knew I was in the presence of the murderer of Tin Pan Suey. There was little time to think and hardly time to act before the whole gang had piled on to me. Most of them were medium-sized fellows. I kept my back against the wall

and felled them one by one as I could get in a blow. Six of them I picked up and hurled clear through the window, being my day off. Four were hung up on the electric chandelier. Blows were rained on me at the rate of a hundred a minute. I was bruised and bleeding from head to foot and every stitch of clothing was torn off.

"I would have given ten cents for a revolver, and a couple of good cigars for a whistle, but I had neither. I could only fight on. In a minute and a half I had the fifty out of business and the giant and the murderer left to tackle. Well sir, the little fellow wriggled like a demon to get out of that bundle, but even with the assistance of the giant, he wasn't out before I was ready for the finals. The giant made one wild rush for me when he found he couldn't liberate the little fellow, and we started in the frightfullest and bloodiest scrap in police history. It was summer time and I soon had him as naked as myself. We rolled, pounded, twisted, twirled, contorted, and wriggled like two demons. In the midst of it the murderer rolled off the table to the floor, worked his way over to where we were locked in what seemed like the grip of death, and sank his filthy teeth into my leg. The giant was beneath at the time, and with a yell of pain, I

kicked out. My foot caught the little yellow devil under the chin and hurled him across the room, where he struck his greasy head against the wall and rolled over senseless.

The whole affair couldn't have lasted five minutes, and, as might be expected, as soon as the Chinks I had thrown out of the window, hit the street, a call went out for the police. The place was rushed, and when the men came in, the room was a vile-smelling shambles. Insensible Chinamen lay huddled up in all attitudes, others rolled and writhed in pools of blood, the Chink in the bundle lay motionless in the corner, and the yellow giant and yours humbly, stark as when we were born, and dripping blood, were locked in the last strangle-hold.

"Oh, yes! I got over it all right. The imp in the bundle turned out to be the murderer and in due time he was hanged. The giant is serving ten years in Kingston, and this infant won a merit mark."

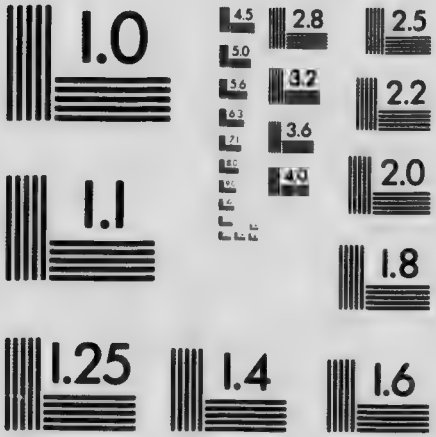
THE CAVE OF ADULLAM

David therefore departed thence—to the cave Adullam—and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him.—I. Sam. xxii.

Somewhere beneath the Police Court lies the cave of Adullam. I have given the melancholy little place that name, because David is there—Staff-Sergeant David McKinney. Like his famous namesake, he is visited daily by every one that is in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented, and like that other David, he hearkens unto the cry of the people and advises them for their welfare. Officially, the cave of Adullam is known as the Morality Department, and for some years the kindly Staff Inspector Gregory has been the keeper of the seals, but the task of loading himself with the cares of the distressed falls largely upon the broad shoulders of David. He needs spacious shoulders to carry the burdens that are thrust upon him. One tithe of the domestic secrets that are known to him

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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would wreck the average man. If all that this David knows of the dramas and tragedies enacted in the homes of Toronto, were set down, it would fill many volumes. Frantic fathers whose daughters have turned their backs upon the simplicity of home life, to taste, for a time, of that bitter-sweet fruit which at length destroys both body and soul, rush to the cave, beg ing and beseeching that officers be sent out upon the highways and byways of the city to find the wandering sheep; mothers, bathed in tears, come to the cave to tell David that their boy defies his father, staying out late at night, frequenting pool rooms, and staggering home in the early morning, reeking with drink; long-suffering wives visit the cave to lay bare their misery and their bruises, and to ask "How long, O Lord, how long?"; hard-working husbands come in the evening time to whisper a secret they can no longer keep, and to seek a quiet means to compel their negligent wives to centre their thoughts upon the home instead of the bottle; and brothers and sisters, and sons and daughters, each bearing a sorrow which is gnawing their heart, come to the cave and lay their trouble before David; and sometimes—not very often, a "hurry up" marriage takes place in the cave, a Salvation Army officer tying the knot which makes an over-trusting girl an honest woman in the sight of the people, and gives a

too ardent wooer a chance to become a home-maker.

Every one is not appeased at once. The sorrows that are brought to the cave, often entail months of hard, patient work for the officers. Hasty action might send a home of twenty or thirty years standing crashing to the ground. Each appeal brought to the cave demands unremitting care, and only when pacific effort has been beaten at every turn, is the matter brought from the cave to open court. Even then, it often happens that the magistrate will ask that the morality officers try once again to heal a broken heart, or to patch up a storm-damaged domestic fortress. The work is delicate. Take, for example, the case of a woman complaining that her lord is untrue. It may happen that her suspicions find their origin in a jealous disposition, and that she is unjustly accusing a loyal husband. The apparent distress of the woman cannot be ignored; enquiries must be made, not only in her interests, but in the broad interests of morality. And how carefully must the investigators go about their work. If an injudicious step is taken, their object may be thwarted. Peace would soon vanish from a home in which it had become known that the honor of a loyal husband, or the virtue of an honest woman, had been questioned by a jealous partner and that the suspicions had

been reported to the police. But in most cases brought to the cave, there is more fact than suspicion. Incidentally, there is a great deal more domestic unhappiness in Toronto than ever sees the light of day. That woman for whom you have just vacated your seat in a street car, and who looks much the same as other women, may be on her way to the cave to tell David that as recently as last night the devoted gentleman who had marched down the aisle with her, thirteen years ago, to the thrilling strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, had playfully driven his family into the back garden for the rest of the night, and laid himself down to sleep and take his rest with his fuddled head in a coal scuttle. Or that solemn-visaged man seated opposite, and in whose left eye there is either a cold, or a tear, may be returning from the cave with the melancholy news that on two occasions morality officers had seen his eldest boy dancing in cabarets, with ladies who ought to be locked up, but who, for some incomprehensible reason, enjoy unlimited freedom in Toronto. That boy and girl, scarcely out of their teens, who are talking in whispers at the corner of James and Albert Streets, have possibly been at the cave asking David to find the man they were taught to honor and obey, but who, six months ago, had come to the conclusion that their mother had lost

most of her pristine charms and was now making love to someone else. It may happen that the lady in black who sat next to you in church last Sunday had brought her fifty trips to the cave to a termination by asking for an Order of Protection and was then—not listening to the second lesson, as you may have been, but staring, through a vista of twenty-five years, at a youth and maid on the old swing in the apple orchard. A few days ago, the youth, now callous, brutal, and drink-soddened, had come to the home for his clothes, and, by order of the court, a policeman had accompanied him, that he might not succumb to the temptation to give the woman he had promised to love and cherish till death, a parting crack.

In court the officers of the cave are heard attentively by the magistrate, who, knowing their problems, and their patience, accepts their testimony at par. All police departments appear to feed the court—all but the cave of Adullam, where it seems to be the unwritten law that only when every effort to straighten out the tangles has failed, when every channel of hope for amicable settlement has been closed, shall the perplexing problem be laid before the magistrate. Staff Inspector Gregory and David are ever intent upon keeping the desecrating hand of the law off the home.

POP'S REVOLUTION

Where there's a frill there's a fray.

"I'm Boss Here"

Marriage is Life's greatest adventure. Gifted men have been writing and preaching about it ever since the world's first reporter wrote up the private affairs of Adam and Eve, and thus laid the foundations of the present day social column. The great Bishop Taylor called marriage the first blessing that God gave to man. Women have told Magistrate Denison that it has been the curse of their lives. Undoubtedly, life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage, but it is a mistake to say, as pious men so often repeat, that if a marriage be badly formed it is an evil from which there is no refuge but the grave, no cure but death. How about the modern "Order of

Protection" so readily granted to women whose brutal lords have snarled and growled at every attempt of their wives to make home life what it ought to be, and fulfilled their solemn promise to love and cherish, by bruising the body of "the woman Thou gavest" until she scarce has strength left to drag her aching frame to court for protection? It is true that this appeal to a police magistrate comes after all else has failed, and would be in vain, were the supplicant unable to show that patience had reached the breaking point, but surely we must hail the "Order of Protection" as a veritable blessing in a country where it costs a thousand dollars to obtain a divorce. Without its benign presence in the Statute Book, the altar would be surrounded by scare-crows and invested with shades as deep as those of the sepulchre. After all, a woman merely asks to be relieved from the daily oppression of a lover turned into brute, and if the magistrate can grant her that relief, she need not sigh over the fact that she cannot re-marry. One imagines she has had enough. On the other hand, the "Order of Protection" is never granted to a man. Poor man may be nagged and neglected to the verge of imbecility, see every cent he earns squandered in the vanities of this wicked, but lovely old world, and daily suffer the humiliation

of being called "Pop," without redress. The lady who promised to love, honor and obey, may detest him because his pristine charms have been superceded by a double chin and lace curtain whiskers, treat him with contempt because he doesn't earn as much money as the man next door and ignore his commands because they conflict with her opinions; his grown-up children may find fault with him because his table manners are not as chic as those of "Clarence," and order him off the verandah because his shirt sleeves and clay pipe "disgrace the house" which his hard earned money purchased, but he must take it all with the placidity of a sheep and obey the church catechism which enjoins him to do his duty in that state of life, unto which it hath pleased God to call him. Such a victim appeared before the magistrate on one occasion, and onlookers sympathized with the underdog. "Pop," in this case, had been slowly, but surely, reduced to pitiful docility, and just before the thing happened which landed him in court, he had reached that inglorious stage of taming where he would eat out of anybody's hand, and feel grateful if permitted to sit in a corner and nibble grass, on the qui vive, however, lest one of his loved ones might suddenly be seized with an impulse to throw a brass candlestick at him. But one fine

evening a knowing friend took "Pop" out and filled him up with bad whiskey. Returning home with blood in his eye, the dethroned ruler started a one-man revolution for the restoration of the monarchy. For one who had been so long out of practice, he did very well, and when the greys of the first morning of the upheaval crept into the skies he awoke, surrounded by broken chairs and overturned tables. In the furthermost corner of the room sat his wife, white-faced, red-eyed, trembling and afraid to speak, lest the demon might resume operations. His son had gone to work with a black eye, and his two daughters were barricaded in their bedroom. Evidently satisfied with the first fruits of the revolution, "Pop" sallied forth for another day with the whiskey bottle, and returning early in the evening, kick[illegible] daughters' lovers off the verandah, locked [illegible] in the kitchen, his girls in their bedroom, and rocked and sang himself to sleep in the hammock. This sort of thing continued for a week, at the end of which time he was the only member of the family not bearing marks of ill-usage. On Sunday "Pop" was king once more, reigning with might and majesty. His wife and family were defeated, and now paid silent homage to their sovereign lord the king. But the restored monarchy was short-lived. Silent

forces had been at work during the revolution, and on the following Tuesday "Pop" was summoned to the Police Court to hear his wife's application for an order of protection. Son and daughters were there to support their mother. Addressing him from the bench, the magistrate said: "Your wife swears that you have been married twenty-six years, that you drink to excess, that you assault and abuse her, that she is afraid to live with you, and wishes to live alone and support herself. Do you consent to the order being granted?"

"Emphatically, no!" roared the triumphant king.

Then the evidence was put in, the story of Pop's revolution being told in detail by his wife and other members of the family. One could see that the monarch was uneasy during the recital. His blows had been freely given.

Taking the witness box in his own behalf, "Pop" opened his heart to the magistrate, telling him how he had worked all his life, that he had bought and paid for their home, afterwards presenting it to his wife, that he had given his son and daughters a good education, but that of late years his rights had been systematically filched, until, just before his determination to regain his lost kingdom, he was little more than a

wage-earning encumbrance. If he took a glass of ale on his way home from work, his wife smelt his breath and ordered him into isolation; if he felt like airing himself on the front verandah, his daughters told him he was spoiling their chances of winning husbands; and if ever he took a hand in conversation with visitors, he was afterwards told that his English was execrable and that he had better say nothing more than, "How do you do? Pleased to meet you," or "Sorry you are going. Enjoyed your company."

"Your Worship," continued "Pop," "I was expected to wear starched collars of an evening when my neck was raw with the sun, and to perform tricks like a trained monkey while that boy of mine lounged around in flannels. They attend church and get a lot of credit for being good. I'm not expected to go, because I'm a bit rough. Consequently the neighbors think I'm a heathen. I've got so that I feel like one. The preacher stopped me on the street one day and asked why I never went to church. I told him exactly how it was, and all he said was "Pore man, pore man!" just like a fellow says "Pore dawg, pore dawg!" My daughters aint bad girls, but they've got high falutin notions, and that lad of mine thinks he's a college professor. If this hadn't happened, they'd have had me bled white and my skin stretched on the fence."

"In a sense, I'm sorry for you," replied the magistrate, "but you know you shouldn't have resorted to brutality. There's a quiet way of settling these matters. I shall grant your wife the order of protection, and you'll have to keep away. A policeman will go up to the house with you when you go for your clothes."

In an instant the tragedy of the horrible situation flashed upon "The Man Who Would Be King" in his own house, and he hurled anathema at the heads of his family until hustled out of court by two policemen.

Who was to blame?

"THOU SHALT NOT"

A quiet-mannered little gentleman, with grey hair, and a pair of soulful eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, stole softly into what is known as the Afternoon Court, and seating himself in a remote corner, folded his hands placidly, and put himself into a receptive frame of mind. He had never before visited a Police Court, and was curious to see what happened. Assistant Police Magistrate Rupert E. Kingsford was on the bench, and the first thing impressed upon the visitor's mind was this magistrate's penchant for legal technicalities. When a lawyer, with a very high and very pallid forehead, referred his Worship to section two of by-law number five thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine, which probably had been amended in some way by adding something in lieu thereof, the Bench beamed with delight, and in a very short time he and the learned

gentleman with the high forehead were lost to sight in a maze of sections and sub-sections and amendments to sub-sections, and clauses of schedules and regulations appearing in the revised volume of the Consolidated By-laws of the City of Toronto, each appearing to take his turn at bobbing out at some unexpected twist in the maze, and confronting or confounding the other with a quotation in Latin. Sometimes these quotations must have been irresistibly funny, because if either the magistrate or the learned gentleman with the high forehead smiled, all the policemen in court joined in the hilarity. And when, as sometimes happened, two learned gentlemen opposed each other in a case, each trying his best to completely annihilate his opponent with a shrapnel shell from the Consolidated By-laws munitions factory, the magistrate, not caring to spoil a fight, would sit back, twist his thumbs and smile, first upon one of the learned friends, then upon the other. His Worship appeared to be quite impartial with his favors, so long as the legal luminaries confined themselves to terms and phrases absolutely foreign to the lay mind. References to something which had happened in a remote part of the earth in the paleolithic age, and prior to the consolidation of the by-laws, invariably afforded his Worship much delight and

won an exceptionally approving beam from the magisterial countenance. When the crisis was reached, and both learned gentlemen had dropped into their seats thoroughly debilitated and in an advanced stage of nervous prostration, his Worship would proceed to show them that they had far from exhausted the subject, and that if they would turn to amended sub-section five thousand six hundred and thirty-seven (a) they would find that whereas the point contested had probably had some position before consolidation, in conformity with geometrical axiom, it possessed no magnitude in the light of this sub-section of the consolidated by-laws. He would adjourn the case till some other day for further argument, after which he would reserve judgment for one week.

During the afternoon the quiet-mannered little gentleman with the soulful eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles gathered the illuminating, but staggering, information that if he would be an intelligent and law-abiding citizen of Toronto, it was more necessary for him to know the why and wherefore of six thousand consolidated by-laws than to be learned in the Ten Commandments. As the clock ticked on and the cases dealing with infractions of the by-laws passed in review, he began to examine his heart, and to ask himself

how it came about that he was still a free man and not a broken and crushed prisoner in a dungeon. Toronto was a city of "shall nots." The consolidated by-laws decreed that man was liable to punishment if he rang a bell, blew a horn, cried hallo! preached, lectured, or proclaimed, walked on the turf or sward, climbed trees, lamp posts, or telegraph poles, stood in a group, ran on the sidewalk, threw snowballs, exhibited calves on the streets, continued dirty, built a home or tore one down without a permit, played games in burial grounds, crossed the street without permission of the traffic officer, or stood still, failed to close his shop, or kept it open, after a specified hour, worked a lame horse, or befriended a homeless dog, ran an auto too fast, or allowed it to stand still, erected a fence or tore it down without consent, wasn't registered when he was born, and failed to get a permit for burial when he died.

At four-fifteen, by the clock, the magistrate and two learned gentlemen then having their heads together over a plan which showed the course taken by a piece of pipe, the quiet-mannered little gentleman, with the soulful eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles, made a supreme effort to pull himself together and leave the court. Hailing a taxi, he was driven rapidly to his home.

Crawling into bed, he begged his wife to summon the doctor, and when the medical man arrived, he found his patient delirious. Nurses were stationed at his bedside night and day for three weeks, during which time the sufferer insisted that he was exceeding the speed limit in Dante's Inferno, but that he was compelled to keep on running because six thousand consolidated by-laws were chasing him. In his partly lucid intervals, the poor little gentleman would kiss his wife, call her "your worship," and ask lovingly after their little by-laws. Twice he attempted to leave his bed to escape the vengeance of consolidated iron rods, and on several occasions he begged the nurse not to dry his face with the amended sub-section of by-law four thousand two hundred and eighty. At the end of the third week an expression of intelligence returned, and his distracted wife and family rejoiced to again have with them the quiet-mannered little gentleman, with soulful eyes and gold-rimmed spectacles, who, in a moment of aberration, succumbed to the temptation to pay a visit to the Afternoon Police Court.

Domestic squabbles and neighborly wrangles are aired in this court, such cases affording welcome relief from the depressing monotony of breaches of civic by-laws, and Assistant Magistrate Kingsford, a keen student of human nature,

gives both sides a fair innings. Two women spitting fire at each other furnish invigorating entertainment, and must act like a tonic upon a magistrate whose duties call for such close and constant acquaintance with legal technicalities. But nobody enjoys a joke better than Mr. Kingsford, and if he can convince two irate women that their wrangle is merely providing a burlesque show for the rest of the street, and succeed in getting them to smile and "make it up," his Worship regards his patience well rewarded. If the foes happen to be implacable, the magistrate may decide to punish them both, fining one, and severely censuring the other, leaving them to return to their homes not quite sure who had won the battle.

HEMMED IN BY ENEMIES

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

The average citizen of Toronto might not sleep so peacefully were he to know that there are thousands of his neighbors who delight in the odor of the Police Court, and who are watching daily for an excuse to have a fellowman driven to a police station in the Black Maria, or to be visited at his home by a policeman with a terrifying blue paper. And yet it is so. Visit the offices of Police Court Clerk-in-Chief, Curran Morrison, J.P., any hour of the day, and you will find men and women asking that summonses be served upon all sorts and conditions of people, and if even a tenth of these applicants were accommodated in the manner they most desire, the walls of the Police Court would burst. The pacific diplomacy of the rotund sergeant, rejoicing in the impressive pseudonym, "Official Fixer," has thus far prevented that disaster. There he

sits, day after day, patiently listening to jumbled tales of "injustice," which the narrators of many nationalities believe can be set right by somebody's arrest, or the serving of a summons.

"I vant a summons for the boss," shrieks an excited Hebrew. "He vont pay me my vages. He's a sheep skate; he vant to skin me. I'll have him arrested. I'll bring a bolice station in a minute. Give me something—I don't care vat it is."

"Excuse me," says a blushing maiden, as she advances to the counter, "but I want to know if our landlord has a right to show people over our house before we leave. It's trespass, isn't it? Can't we bring him to court? I'd just love to have him locked up."

Then a brown-skinned Italian rolls up, twirling his cap, like an awkward boy.

"Say, Meester, you looka like a wise man. You tell me sump? Man, he live in my place for tree weeks an' he tell my meesus he pay da mon when he geta da job, but he geta da job an' give her da slip. He jus' leave paper to tell ma meesus so long."

"Will you please tell me if I can summons the Toronto Railway Company?" asks a matron with fire in her eye. "I was jerked off a car last week and my arm was hurt. Since then I can't

move it this way (raising it straight above her head) and I can't move it that way (swinging the limb from left to right)."

Two Poles, fresh from work, lurch up to the counter, and as each thinks his knowledge of English superior to that of his companion, they both talk at once.

"Vorrravasaviski barragoola steal dalagabala yxwvutsrqponmlkjihgfed cba kick r-r-rajansinski butogrogka, lots trubble," etc., ad lib.

Quiet people who might be happy if they lived in a cemetery want the neighbors next door summoned for keeping children who think they own the street and can torment citizens with hoydenish shrieks; folks who delight in pure air complain that men who keep automobiles ought to be fined for polluting the atmosphere with gasoline; men who work at night and sleep till noon demand that early rising roosters, or their owners, should have their heads chopped off; people who regard dancing as an invention of the devil, ask if they can't summon neighbors to court for "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet"; citizens with sensitive noses, would like the manager of a nearby soap factory thrust into the city's deepest dungeon for exuding anything less aromatic than eau-de-Cologne; disciples of Voltaire ask for the suppression of church bells;

and people who hate dogs would have the man next door who keeps a yelping pup brought to court and fined a sum which would keep his family poor unto the third and fourth generation.

Let him who thinks that the outside world is in love and charity with him, have a care. He may walk through life as circumspectly as an early saint, and commit no greater sin than to smoke his pipe on the verandah, yet at that moment of quiet contentment a neighbor may be planning to steal softly into the police clerk's office to see if the rigors of the law can't make him change the brand of his tobacco. It is disappointing to know that we are hemmed in by enemies, that the very man we chat so freely with on the road to the office may be conspiring with other neighbors to invade the sanctity of our home, to strike a cruel blow at the foundations of our dwelling, and to lay waste our habitation, simply because our "cock's shrill clarion" rouses them "from their lowly bed."

But lo, it is so.

FROM A BURGLAR'S DIARY

1916.

Sept. 17—Prohibition. Curses on the ginger beer party. Where kin I git me courage up?

Sept. 30—Broke into Mrs. Temperance Jones house, cut me hand on champagne glasses an' got away with a couple of diamond ta-ra-rahs.

Sept. 31—Ta-ra-rahs foney.

Oct. 6—Disturbed while gettin' a drink in a drug store an' grabbed only package handy. Combs. An' me baldheaded.

Oct. 15—Gave two plainclothesmen the slip an' landed in a church clubroom filled with slackers. Swiped the swellest overcoat.

Oct. 16—Didn't like the way the cop said "Good night, Bill. Cool nuff for a coat."

Oct. 19—Pinched for swiping the preacher's coat.

Oct. 24—Told the Beak I bought it from a guy that needed a couple of bucks an' gave the Crown Attorney a chance to pull some guff for the noospapers.

FROM A BURGLAR'S DIARY

Dec. 24—Just out. Christmas Eve. Not a cent till I met a couple of tecs. Seventy-five cents apiece. Good scouts.

Dec. 25—Christmas dinner for the family from a lawyer that once got me six months. Lawyers don't believe enough of your story unless you pay 'em the price of a pe-anna.

Dec. 26—Broke into factory office. Swiped new wrist watch from stenog's drawer. Xmas present with love from the boss. Her foto in his drawer.

Dec. 27—Couldn't sell watch. Guess I'll send it to his missus for Noo Years—with perticklers.

Dec. 30—Sent it. The prayers of the congregation are asked for a dear brother in great tribulation.

1917.

Jan. 1—Successful get-away from big house fitted with burglar alarms on all winders and dores. Watches, rings, bracelets, false teeth, hair switches, mug paints, cigarettes, silk hose, etc.

Jan. 3—Pinched tryin' to sell the teeth. Tec came in just as I was sayin' they wuz mine, hit me a wallop on the back, an' when I opened me trap to say "ouch!" the guy got wise.

FROM A BURGLAR'S DIARY

Jan. 4—Swag belonged to a society female. Couldn't tell her yarn till the Crown Attorney handed up the teeth. Crown toyed a bit too much with exhibit 2—the hose. Lawyer tried to prove a ally-bye an' got two of me best pals pinched for perjury. He's brilliant. Remanded till to-morrow for sentence.

Jan. 6—Record put the kibosh on me chances. Six months for a lovin' father to be away from his wife an' kids. Little Billy wuz in court with his ma, waved his hand an' shouted "Good-bye, Daddy!" Bit chokey, ole top.

Jan. 6—Burwash. Wilderness. Wolves in the woods an' the temp. 22 below. Gee! it's tough to be a burglar.

MAGDALENE

"God Forgive Me"

Turn down the lights, Mr. Stage Manager, and throw the spot on the bed in the corner of the shabby room that smells like a garbage can. The leading lady is going to die. See that the whiskey flask is near the bed, and the magical, but diabolical, needle at hand. False strength is needed for the final battle with disease. Then tell the conductor to get the sob stuff out of the violins, but to keep it low. The final lines will come from the bed in a whisper.

Watch the audience from the wings. See the cynical smile on the face of the fat, oily, voluptuary in the front row. He's wise to the meaning of this sort of stuff, and is thinking of the Magdalenes in his own play. See him chuckle when she

reaches for the flask. Hear his grunt when she smacks her lips. He knows that women would fail in that sort of life were it not for the mocking joy of whiskey drinking. Let him sneer. His turn is coming.

See that smug, complacent woman of middle age in the next row? There's a cold, unsympathetic look in her grey eyes. Given five minutes alone with Magdalene she would lash her virtuous self into a fury, and in burning words would turn the wretched heart into a furnace of remorse. She is so pure! Temptation may have entered her life, but with angelic grandeur she kept her virtue inviolate. Scorpion whips are in her hands, and if she dare she would scourge that poor, diseased body, because it had failed where she had triumphed.

Yonder white-haired woman grips the hand of her grizzled companion and tears almost blot out the death-bed scene. They are thinking of a dark, dark day when one they loved fled with a stranger from the simplicities of country life and was soon lost in the whirlpool of a great city. Cheering letters had come for a time—then one day they stopped. That was the last. Where was she now? Ah! if they only knew. Were she even in this state, how gladly would they rush to the side of that foul bed, and with loving words,

and tender touch, try to rid that poor heart of its gnawing pains. Watch the tears roll down the wrinkled cheeks; hear the heavy sighs that follow the maniacal cry of Magdalene for mercy, mercy, mercy! But it's only a play, John. Your girl may not be like this. Let's hope for the best.

Watch the faces of that young couple. They are in love, and lean closely upon each other's arm. The play has thrilled them—all but this last scene. It is something they don't quite understand. The girl seems afraid of something. Magdalene is shrieking anathema at men—all men. She spares none. From her rag-covered bosom she draws forth the picture of the only man she ever loved, and fixing her blood-shot eyes upon the face she had once thought handsome, she hisses venomous curses, then in a final torrent of rage flings the hated face from her. The youth turns a flushed countenance to his companion and tries to smile. Instinctively she shrinks from him, then shudders. Can this be true? If she thought so she would flee from the theatre, and not cease running until the sheltering arms of her mother were about her. Never again would she leave that haven of safety. The violins are crying plaintively. Magdalene is on her knees, beseeching God for mercy. The girl asks her companion to take her out.

MAGDALENE

The bounder in the aisle seat of the next row is chewing gum. This sort of stuff gives him a pain. His jaws work vigorously when the leading lady falls heavily upon the bed. This isn't true to life. He's never seen or heard of a woman in such a plight. Playwright stuff to draw the crowd and swell the box office receipts. In goes another strip of gum. Any women he has met have been well dressed, and healthy, and happy, and full of life. He never saw such eyes, or rags, or skin-and-bone. More stage tricks. He had once met one of them who used the needle, but she didn't look anything like this creature. She was positively funny, and made the boys laugh at the droll things she said when under the influence of morphine. If he thought for one moment that anything of this sort happened to womankind he'd quit going down-town and start in to study Greek. But it's all rot. In a few minutes the curtain will fall and the leading lady will be dashing off for a bottle and a bird.

But, listen! The dying bundle of rags, and bones, and disease, is saying something in a whisper, so low that ears are strained to catch it. It is her last effort. The ghosts of murdered opportunities are haunting her bedside, rising upon her vision, and crowding the regions of her tortured fancy. How they scoff, and mock, and rail! She

hides her haggard face behind a pair of claw-like hands, and tries to shut them out. But they continue to close in upon the helpless form. The violins have stopped. The parched lips breathe one word—"Lost!"

"When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, 'Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?'

"She said, 'No man, Lord.' And Jesus said unto her, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.'"

FINIS